

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Eighth Year of Issue

May, 1948

Under the Big Top

THAT quadrennial circus, the American presidential election, is on again to entertain Americans, and to confuse the people of the rest of the world who think that elections are supposed to be decided on issues. The current revived Eisenhower boom reveals once more how unconcerned Americans are with basic social problems.

Within the last three months, almost every significant wing of American public opinion has endorsed General Eisenhower. Many Republicans looking for a candidate to lead them to their first victory in twenty years seized on "Ike" as a natural vote-getter. Until he insisted that his name be withdrawn from consideration, public opinion polls showed Eisenhower to be the most popular Republican candidate.

A month ago, the desperate Democrats, who began to realize that Truman had just about destroyed himself politically by antagonizing the racists in the south, and the liberals and labor in the north, started a second Eisenhower campaign. Like the earlier Republican boom, this one caught on like a prairie fire with every group in the Democratic party. Eisenhower is once more being offered a certain nomination if he hints that he is willing to accept it.

It seems incredible in a period when the entire world is divided into distinct ideological camps that the people of the most powerful country in the world should be so unconcerned about the aims of their government that they can all support one man, who, while having a charming personality, has

not expressed himself on anything except military questions. American politics is still unfortunately centred about personalities and not issues. Americans want a popular strong leader, and do not seem to care what he stands for. This attitude apparently holds true as much for the conscious "left-wing" leaders as for the man on the street. The liberal newspaper, *P.M.*, the Liberal party of New York, the New Dealers organization, Americans for Democratic Action (A.D.A.), and the C.I.O. - P.A.C., all are ready to throw over any consideration of principle to get back on the bandwagon of a "great leader." Even supporters of Henry Wallace, such as Robert Kenny of California, and Mike Quill, the fellow-traveller president of the C.I.O. Transport Workers, are ready to ditch Wallace for Eisenhower. The *New York Daily Worker* found it necessary to remind its readers that an Eisenhower nomination would not remove the Communists' need for a Wallace campaign.

Fortunately for the future of American politics, General Eisenhower seems to have more sense than the majority of his countrymen. Up to the present, he has consistently opposed any efforts to induce him to run, on the grounds that a professional soldier should not hold high civilian office. If he continues in his present attitude, he will be the first man to refuse a certain election as president.

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SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG



HAROLD E. STASSEN

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**SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE
HUMAN MALE**

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(Continued from front page)

Ruling out the Eisenhower candidacy leaves the election more confused than ever. Harold Stassen, the former governor of Minnesota, now appears to be the best bet to win the Republican nomination and the presidency. Stassen's aggressive personality fills the American need for a dynamic leader. His primary victories in Wisconsin and Nebraska have effectively ruled out Dewey, Taft, and MacArthur. Only Senator Vandenberg still remains as a potential "dark-horse" candidate who might win in a deadlocked convention.

Stassen, whose elaborate campaign has been well financed, has been advocating an "internationalist" foreign policy of American aid to the rest of the non-Communist world with explicit economic and political controls on the nations receiving such help. On his return from Europe he argued that socialism and communism were similar, and that the United States should give money only to European countries on condition that they cease any further experiments in socialization. A Stassen victory would represent a real triumph for eastern banking groups in the United States. They fear the possible resurgence of mid-west isolationism, which might facilitate a Communist conquest of Europe, and therefore want someone in the White House who understands the economic and political needs of America as the dominant world power. All other Republican candidates, with the possible exception of Vandenberg, lack the necessary world-empire outlook and have therefore injured themselves with the men who control the purse strings.

On the Democratic side it still appears as if Truman will be strong enough to win the nomination, though he is almost inevitably destined to inglorious defeat in the election. An incumbent president is just too strong in the American political structure to be refused re-nomination. Truman's machine-politics-bred party loyalty may yet induce him to withdraw for the sake of the organization. The temptation to hold on to the most important job in the world, however, seems to be overriding any such inclinations on his part.

Americans will once again face a meaningless choice between two conservative political leaders with similar domestic and foreign policies. The situation would seem to be made to order for the emergence of a left-wing party comparable with the CCF in Canada. Organized labor, the various social-

ist groups, liberals in A.D.A., cannot honestly support either Truman or Stassen. As in Europe, however, the Communist party, not the liberals and socialists, has shown itself to be the one group on the "left" which has both the acumen and the organization to take advantage of the opportunities that the political situation presents. The Wallace "Third Party," which the Communists organized and control, today has the support of five million voters, according to the various public opinion polls. A non-Communist party, supported by the trade unions and the democratic left, might have easily doubled or tripled that figure, and could have succeeded the divided Democratic party as the second party in the country.

Tweedledee—Stassen, Tweedledum—Truman, and Wallace-in-Wonderland present an unhappy picture as the leaders of American public opinion. Only the small Socialist party led by Norman Thomas will give expression to the "Third Force" in the United States. One can only hope that before the 1952 elections roll around, the non-Communist left will have seen the urgency of the need to organize in an effective American democratic socialist party that will demonstrate to the rest of the world that even in the United States, there is a choice between Wall Street and the Kremlin.

MARTIN LIPSET.

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Twenty-Five Years Ago

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Long oppressed themselves, the Czechs now indulge in something very like oppression of their own racial minorities. Moreover, any person who imagines that state socialism necessarily means an end of militarism should pay a visit to this energetic, ambitious country; they will probably see in the streets of Prague more soldiers than in the streets of any other European city. . .

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Italy

The full figures of the Italian voting are not yet available at the moment of writing, but there is no doubt that Italy has voted overwhelmingly to stay part of Western Europe and not to become part of the Soviet co-prosperity sphere. And it does not look as if the Communists will go all out to upset the election results by direct action. What staying in Western Europe is to mean for Italy has yet to be determined. One aspect of the election is that the Italian laity have evidently been attracted by the prospect of being well fed by American gifts, just as the Italian upper clergy have long waxed fat on the generosity of the faithful in North America. The intervention of the Catholic clergy with threats of spiritual penalties against supporters of communism is an ugly feature which cannot be reconciled with any genuinely democratic process of election; and clerical activity has been so marked that the leaders of the Christian Democratic party will find it difficult to keep their government free from undue clerical influence.

The hard fact is that Italy is not very favorable ground on which to prove the virtues of western democracy over eastern communism. The Italian people since the country won independence and unity in the 1870's have shown no capacity whatever for mastering their own destiny. Poverty and ignorance have remained more widespread than in any other part of western Europe, corruption in politics has been universal, and the callous indifference of the rich and comfortable to the degradation of the masses has been the same whether governments called themselves democratic or fascist. Up to a couple of months ago it did not look as if there were enough public spirit or backbone in either the people or their leaders to save them from falling under the communist yoke. As against this background the election results are distinctly encouraging. But we have yet to see whether, even with generous help from America and the rest of western Europe, the Italian government will possess the moral and intellectual resources necessary for tackling the tremendous tasks that face it in industrial and agricultural reconstruction, in education, in nutrition and health services, in fact in all the activities through which democracy proves itself in modern society.

Britain's Fight Goes On

The battle of the gap, as the British call their struggle for exports, is now entirely a dollar problem. Britain's 1947 trade accounts with the non-dollar areas show a small surplus, but her deficit with the Americas was \$2,720 million. More than one third of this was due to price increases alone. It is American inflation that makes the British struggle so hard.

Britain must import less from the United States: in fact, her imports from that source have been reduced to one quarter, all food imports have stopped, but raw materials cannot be cut. Britain must export more to the U.S.: hence, 1948 priorities for the manufacture of such goods as textiles (and whiskey) which the Americans will buy. Britain must produce more at home: hence, her agricultural expansion. And she must find alternative sources of supply: here she will benefit from colonial developments and European economic planning. But all this takes time, and it is too soon for American aid under E.R.P.

Meanwhile, increased production means more purchasing power and inflationary tendencies at home. To stop these is the avowed purpose of the budget. Government expenditures are to be reduced, but the social services will not be touched, and rightly, since these payments represent a redistribution of purchasing power rather than an absolute increase. The treasury will collect \$1,200 million more than it will spend. Wages are to be voluntarily stabilized but in Britain profits are limited also and at the same time.

The emergency is obvious. It is surely undeniable that those who are wealthy should make the largest contribution to the needed savings. Hence, the proposal that, while incomes up to \$8,000 receive some relief from income tax, higher incomes are to pay a special tax on investment income over \$1,000. This in many cases can be met only by selling capital, i.e., by the wealthy reducing their claims on the production of others.

Those who call this measure Labor's final blow at private enterprise make it very plain that they are concerned with the free enterprise only of those who have more than \$8,000, and that they are not interested in social justice.

Saddle Your Horses

The reason Premier George Drew of Ontario has called an election in June, with only three years expended of his five-year term, is that he expects to win another five years, but it may be that Mr. Drew does not intend to remain at Queen's Park. His carefully built friendship with Mr. Duplessis, his immigration "tour of ops," his untiring tilting with communism, his fencing with the King government, his continual injection of himself into national issues and the national scene, suggest that he is looking ahead.

There will be those who will say that old Ontario will be well rid of "the deil o' Dundee," for the Drew government record has not been good in what should be these times of social advance. He has ignored some of the promises he made most enthusiastically and sincerely, for instance, sweeping pledges on housing, forest conservation, agriculture and provincial-dominion co-operation. Nevertheless, he has substantially kept what his predecessor in office termed an impossible promise—to assume half the cost of education. He has assumed half the cost and in the past fiscal year has had a surplus approximating the increased expenditure on education—without entering into a financial agreement with the Dominion. Mr. Drew's luck has been phenomenal. He has been riding handsomely on the wave of inflation. He out-promised and has now out-manoeuvred his opponents.

The Liberal leader of the opposition may not want to be premier. He is a farmer who has not done a good job of criticism even in agriculture. It is his misfortune that in the past year he has delivered a speech all over the province blaming the government for the hydro shortage. In the legislature he and his followers voted for the hydro-electric change-over (25-cycle to 60-cycle) and expansion, but he has given Mr. Drew some excuse for saying that hydro is the issue. The CCF party leaders outside the legislature seem to have erred politically at least in criticizing the hydro change-over, although the CCF members of the legislature voted for it. The CCF seems to have built itself in pretty solidly with organized labor, and may surprise its opponents with a heavy urban vote, but it has made little progress

rurally. The CCF provincial leader won no farm votes when he blamed the government for raising the price of milk.

Against this divided opposition Mr. Drew seems to have every psychological advantage. His party alone seems to have a chance of gaining a clear majority—and a public with that idea may make it a substantial majority. The average Ontario voter dislikes Mr. Drew personally, but admires him for his splendid disregard for what the public thinks, his forthright attacks on those with whom he disagrees, and his "strong-man" showmanship.

The Railways and Their Rates

The two major domestic issues in political controversy today are the height of prices and the struggle for the integration of Canada which the eastern and western provinces are carrying on against the governments of Ontario and Quebec. As freight rates are an essential factor in both problems, the 21 per cent increase recently granted by the board of transport commissioners provides a focal point for the political conflict.

But members of parliament are subject to so many pressures when the railways are in question that they become timid. There is conflicting pressure from agricultural, industrial, regional, and party interests. The simple facts of the problem are lost in the tumult. These are the facts. For those who have to pay them, freight rates are too high, and operate unfavorably to all regions but the prosperous central provinces. According to the railways, their revenue is inadequate. There is a logical conclusion to these two propositions, and the Minister of Transport came close to it when he asserted that failure to increase rates would lead to the bankruptcy of the C.P.R. and thus to its amalgamation with the public system.

Now, it is to the interest of the nation that the railways should operate efficiently and serve the public at reasonable rates. If they cannot do so under the present arrangement, surely their revenue must be supplemented from the general resources of the country. We see no terrors in the prospect of a single publicly-owned railway. The advantages of competition between the C.N.R. and C.P.R. are not obvious. There is little actual competition; their areas of operation are carefully segregated and their rates and privileges equated—except that the public system carries a huge deficit inherited from private enterprise. Where competition exists, it has the effect of costly duplication.

There is a field for competition in transport. United, planned competition with road transport might well make for greater efficiency, cheapness, and prosperity. But Mr. Chevrier was right when he said that no member of parliament would speak for amalgamation. It is time for somebody to do so.

Health in British Columbia

The Coalition government of British Columbia, under the new premier, Byron Johnson, is bringing in a bill for compulsory, contributory hospital insurance at the present session of the legislature. Only those now protected by adequate private schemes will be exempt. Maximum assessment will be \$33 per year, which will cover parents and all children in a family up to sixteen years. The scheme is said to be based largely on the Blue Cross plan, so it is assumed that single persons will pay \$15 a year. The Saskatchewan scheme levies \$5 a year on single persons, and the maximum is \$30.

The present B.C. legislation is the beginning of the fulfilment of a promise made thirteen years ago by a Liberal

government to set up health insurance in B.C. The Health Insurance Act was passed in 1936, but was never implemented, due to opposition from medical men and big business.

In the succeeding years the desire of the people for some insurance against illness was so strong that private health insurance societies sprang up and apparently flourished. Two years ago the CCF opposition in the legislature, which had never ceased urging government health insurance, and had pointed out that the private schemes were making profits out of the people's need, charged that many of these schemes were unsound financially. A royal commission was set up to enquire into them, with the result that five out of the seventeen were closed, and others are under scrutiny.

The Curtain Goes Up

A half century of persistent agitation for a national theatre in Britain has finally borne fruit. Sir Stafford Cripps has announced that the government will provide up to £1,000,000 for the construction of a publicly owned theatre, which, thanks to the co-operation of the London county council, will occupy a site on the south bank of the Thames. This decision provides additional evidence that Britain's Labor government recognizes the absolute value of the arts in the life of its people, and should silence the taunts of wisecracks who caricature Britain's present leaders as bloodless statisticians obsessed with bureaucratic techniques. The maligned economists turn out to be more human than their critics.

Faced by the competition of movie moguls, the desperate attempts of repertory companies and occasional patrons to keep the legitimate theatre alive were doomed to ultimate failure; recent dramatic history is strewn with such heroic but pathetic enterprises. The inadequacy of private encouragement meant that the government had to become, sooner or later, official patron. The Arts Council does much, a national theatre will do more, and it is to be hoped that the project may expand eventually to include not only London and Stratford-on-Avon, but all sizeable communities in Britain.

It is probably too much to expect, in Canada, where theatre after theatre has been darkened by the celluloid monopolies, and where even the national capital has not a single legitimate stage, anything remotely approaching such a scheme. We have not the excuse of national privation: our business men wax lyrical about Canada's untapped mineral wealth and expanding industries. We need a few "cold-blooded economists" who not only know something about business, but are also aware that business is by no means the whole of life.

Thumbprints

The Pakistan delegates to the United Nations Security Council have repeated the charge of genocide against India and have quoted the communal riot at Godhra on March 25-28 as an example. The government of India has now issued a full account of the incident. The total number of casualties is fifteen, including those shot by the police, and includes Hindus, Sikhs and Moslems. The damage caused by arson is said to be considerable owing to lack of fire engines and scarcity of water supply. The houses destroyed belonged to all communities. The incident has caused no alarm among the Moslems. On the contrary, thousands of Moslems are coming back to India from Pakistan where they failed to find employment. By contrast nearly two and a half million Hindus have emigrated from Eastern Pakistan to India within the last two months.

The Canadian Chamber of Commerce tells the government that it is "in sympathy with social security measures," but that "to apply too large a proportion of the national income to social or any other measures will tend to remove the incentives essential to production and therefore to the country's prosperity." There goes the new social order that Mr. King was re-elected to build.

* * *

Seven members of the board of Massey-Harris are now associated with E. P. Taylor's interests. Mr. Taylor didn't get into the last edition of *Who Owns Canada?*, but he is evidently determined to get into the next.

Spring's Here

Andrew Hebb

► THE DAILY ARRIVAL of thousands of baby calves is increasing the flow of milk and during the merry month of May will turn a butter shortage into a butter surplus. The dominion government must now determine whether there shall be a summer floor price. The winter ceiling not only checked the unearned returns of winter vendors of summer butter but it also reduced the earned returns of farm producers of winter cream for butter. The ceiling not only discouraged winter butter production but it still permitted butter holders to make abnormal profits. Ideally, some producer or consumer or government agency should have purchased last summer's butter at a price that would have stimulated more production, paid a fair price for the higher-cost winter butter, and sold all butter at the composite cost of summer and winter purchases and storage and handling costs.

It seems unfair that winter cream producers, with their higher costs, should receive prices determined by the amount of summer butter in storage. Or that summer producers should receive a price based on a guessing contest on how much butter at what price the public will want nine months hence. Butter suppliers and speculators ordinarily undertake this job—but the ending of butter rationing and price control presented rare opportunity for speculative profits. The 50-cents-a-pound price which prevailed last June following decontrol apparently was too low to stimulate enough production to carry the country through a no-rationing winter. The government refused a producer request last year for a 55-cent retail floor. This year farmer producers presumably have recommended a substantially higher floor.

Ordinarily, Canada could import butter from New Zealand, as she was able to do last year, or import margarine or "the makings." Perhaps Canada could import margarine or oil ingredients at the present time, if the government were anxious to amend the Dairy Industry Act. Its hesitation stems from the fact that perhaps 20 per cent of Canada's population is living on dairy farms and is at least partially dependent on dairying. From about half of an estimated 450,000 farms the cream goes into the manufacture of butter and the skim milk goes into hogs and poultry. Aside from the importance of livestock to soil fertility, margarine would bring about a gradual reduction in dairying. Canadians have been eating more than twice as much butter per capita

as the people of the United States. This Canadian-consumed butter is largely the product of family labor, paid for even now at probably less than 50c an hour, but it turns into cash early-morning or winter hours, or hours provided by the farmer's wife or family, that otherwise might have no money value.

Is the banning of margarine the best way to help an agricultural industry that obviously needs help? Should the farmer be deprived of this protection and still have to buy clothing and many of his needs in a protected market? Should he have to pay duty on the filter discs which keeps the milk clean? Should he pay more for salt because a monopoly has bought out salt mines and plugged them? Should he pay a monopoly far more for ammonium nitrate than the government was able to sell it for during the war from the same plants? What about the car or truck in which he takes his cream to town, or brings his supplies home—how much extra should he pay for it to provide employment for fellow Canadians?

Why should Canada isolate herself economically? Housewives who have been paying their milk-drivers 78c a pound for butter, and have been elated to get it, the drivers who are pocketing the extra five cents, and farmers who do not know whether or not to produce cream for butter at present prices, but are nevertheless afraid of margarine, might well launch a study of economic nationalism. Does it pay whom?

Labor Island

J. C. Lewis

► THERE WAS SWIFT and unmistakable reaction throughout Canada to the passing of Prince Edward Island's new labor legislation, which provides that P.E.I. trade unions shall not affiliate with national or international labor organizations. Typical was the statement of a spokesman for the



"THOU ART NOT FOR THE FASHION OF THESE TIMES
WHERE NONE WILL SWEAT BUT FOR PROMOTION"
"As You Like It"

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railway brotherhoods who termed the measure a denial to Canadian citizens of the free exercise of their rights. The president of the Canadian Congress of Labor, A. R. Mosher, called it "a very stupid piece of legislation."

But the unkindest cut of all came from organized agriculture within the province. For weeks prior to the election last December the packinghouse workers in Charlottetown had been on strike and the resultant disorganization at the local Canada Packers plant had cost the farmers dearly. More concerned about their shrinking returns than they were about the rights of labor, many farmers took the short-term view and registered at the polls their approval of the government's questionable action in taking over the plant by order-in-council.

But many of the farmers are wiser now. Recent press disclosures of the millions in profits which the big packers have been reaping have not pleased them. They have begun to realize that the demands of the packinghouse workers were not excessive. The government's restrictive labor legislation found them ready to take a strong stand. The executive of the Prince Edward Island Federation of Agriculture formally condemned the government's anti-labor legislation. Representatives of all the Federation's member branches, including the Women's Institutes of the province, were present at the meeting.

The executive protested the provincial government's legislative action, and it recommended legislation that would compel both sides in a labor dispute to discuss their differences before an arbitration board and that would make illegal any lockouts or work stoppages while arbitration was in progress. The Federation was explicit in its statement that, should arbitration fail, unions must have the right to strike.

Premier Jones has told the Federation to "stick to its knitting." How long, some farmers are beginning to ask, before the government's hostility to unions will show itself in some repressive action against farm organizations? It seems fair to say that the people are not at the moment as friendly toward the Jones administration as they were in December, when they increased the government's majority in the legislature. There is little doubt but that this anti-labor legislation will hurt the government in the next provincial election—the government also may have hurt itself in the attempt to improve its fighting position by amending the Election Act to require candidates for the legislature to deposit \$200 instead of \$50 as formerly.

THE Human Events PAMPHLETS

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Letter From London

Stella Harrison

► THIS IS THE TIME of year when Londoners flock to Kew Gardens to enjoy the spectacular show of blossoms and every armchair politician becomes an armchair financial expert. This annual coincidence of spring resurrection and the budget debate affects different people differently. The married ex-soldier who has just learned that he will have a dollar a week less to pay in income tax, may well decide to blow the dollar on a trip to Kew with the wife and baby just for once. The young couple honeymooning after an Easter wedding may be working out the chances of buying a modest carpet for their living room, on the strength of the reduction in purchase tax and the increase in earned income allowances.

The really big City man, however, is probably having his yearly outburst about the crushing burden of taxation. It is a regular springtime event with him, whichever party happens to be the people's choice, though of course a Labour chancellor automatically provokes more fury in the outburst than a Conservative one.

The general reaction to this year's budget is that it is a good one, subject to certain important provisos. There is very real understanding of the necessity for taxation, a growing perception that "the government" has no money to provide services apart from what is voted by the people through parliament. Men and women with no training in political science are gradually absorbing the economic facts of life. Familiarity is lessening the terrors of financial jargon, and the use of controls to "counter inflationary tendencies" becomes more comprehensible as more controls are abolished and more people suffer the consequences.

It would be unfair to expect the stockbroker's wife to feel the same way as the postman's wife; and so long as our society includes stockbrokers, they have a right to express their points of view. So I gave a sympathetic hearing when one stockbroker's wife complained bitterly about the present cost of orange squash. Wartime shortages of sugar and citrus fruits led, under the Coalition, to grouping of the soft-drink industry and control of retail price at a standard half-dollar a bottle. Citrus fruits are plentiful now that the seaways are open, sugar is easier, soft drinks are not essential; and so a few months back the manufacturers were authorized to resume separate manufacture, and price control was removed. Result: the same orange squash now costs seventy cents a bottle, and the stockbroker's wife is pretty sore about it. Now nobody can suggest that during the years of control the manufacturers operated at a loss—they would just have stopped operating after a few years of that! No, they have gone back to the wastefulness of competitive selling, expensive advertising of individual products, and maybe a bit on profits. The public, accustomed to these pleasant non-essentials at a modest price, is milked for a 40 per cent rise. This, I explained to the stockbroker's wife, is the inflationary tendency at close quarters.

She did not at first believe me. She had heard her husband say often and often that the trouble was with food subsidies by which the taxpayer was mulcted of millions to hold bread and margarine at an artificially low level. Why did it cost so much to guarantee cheap bread? She was surprised to learn that it was not the government's willful mismanagement, that Chicago gamblers had forced prices up so far and so high that Canadian farmers were penalized through the wheat agreement with Britain. This had led to adjust

ment upwards of the bulk purchase price, although descending price floors had been envisaged when the agreement was made. Britain entered into that agreement with the idea of securing what she needed at once, whilst guaranteeing the Canadian farmer against loss when prices slumped. If it did not work out that way, if world prices rose and bread cost more to subsidize, it was not the fault of those who retained controls.

So I got around to persuading the stockbroker's wife that the Chancellor was possibly right to continue the food subsidies, a point I hardly needed to argue with the postman's wife. But she and the postman and the baker and the tram-driver are all upset at the increased tobacco tax, and though I gave up smoking in response to the appeal to save dollars a year ago, I'm with them one hundred per cent on this. Thousands gave up smoking to save, not dollars, but pounds, shillings and pence. Millions did not. Why? Because in spite of the added expense when cigarettes rose from 46½c to 66½c for twenty, workers still found them a necessity in the stress of present conditions. Now the Chancellor has clapped on another 3½c a packet, to "remind smokers of the need to save dollars." I do not think this reminder was necessary—the public has had its nose well rubbed into the dollar shortage over a long period. I do not think smokers should have been singled out for this reminder, and I think they would more readily have accepted the total prohibition of tobacco from dollar areas than this punitive tax, even though it would have meant smoking the unpopular non-Virginia tobaccos.

Similar irritation is felt, if in lesser degree, about the extra penny on beer, whilst trade unionists whose wage claims are slowed down in deference to the government's stabilization policy feel that not enough budgetary action has been taken on profits.

Any pleasure this might have given the orthodox free-enterprisers is more than cancelled out by the once-for-all levy on investment income. It is difficult to see how, as they assert, the levy will discourage saving and undermine sterling. It applies only to that part of an individual's income in excess of \$8,000 a year which is derived from investments, while those with savings bringing in interest up to \$1,000 a year are exempt. "Savings" as generally understood here do not normally amount to the thirty-odd thousand dollars it would require to earn a thousand dollars interest on government bonds or gilt-edged securities. Capital, which for the small man would be tied up in a house, a plot of land, a small business, is not touched. The levy is only on rents, dividends and interest from what must, in the nature of things, be very large holdings.

The allegation that it will undermine sterling is already disproved by that most sensitive of barometers, the Paris black market, where sterling has already risen to a figure little short of the official dollar parity.

One other novel feature of the budget is worth mentioning: the onus on the recipient to establish the bona fides of tax-free "expenses" allowances. I know of one manufacturer who never buys a bottle of drink of any kind, yet at home he enjoys wine and spirits in the greatest variety. They are delivered to his works by the case, for the entertainment of visiting overseas buyers, and invoiced to the firm. The new provision will make it more difficult for additional income to slip through the revenue cordon disguised as expenses. It is universally popular—except among business executives with inflated expense accounts.

London, April, 1948.

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Fair Employment Practices Legislation

Robert J. Alexander

"The problem of discrimination is closely tied up with the question of education for minority groups. The increased demand for Negroes in better-paying jobs, resulting from the anti-discrimination laws, has shown up one sad fact—that in many cases there are no Negroes sufficiently trained to accept jobs which are now open to them."

► PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S demand for a civil rights program has brought to the forefront of public discussion once more the question of race relations in the United States, and particularly the question of discrimination in employment. For the proposal for a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission is probably the most fundamental of all the proposals put forward by the president. The Anti-Lynch Law and the Anti-Poll Tax Law are ones which the southern whites will fight for reasons of prestige and "states rights," but are not likely to bring about basic changes in the South. Such is not the case with fair employment practices legislation.

During the second world war the United States had its first experience with a fair employment practices board. This was set up by a presidential executive order, under wartime legislation, and had few weapons at its command. Presumably, it could as a last resort have called upon the president to cancel the war contracts of a company which was refusing to heed the dictates of the board. Such action was never taken, however. So the tools which remained for the F.E.P.C. consisted merely of persuasion, negotiation, and publicity. And these tools worked remarkably well.

During the four years in which the F.E.P.C. functioned there were very few cases which it was not able to settle one way or another. Two outstanding cases defied solution—that of the southern railroads which had exceedingly harsh discriminatory policies with regard to Negroes—in collusion with the railway brotherhoods, which for many years have tried to squeeze the Negroes completely off the operating side of the railroads; and that of the Capital Transit Company which operates the trolley cars and buses in Washington, D.C. In spite of repeated attempts by the F.E.P.C. to break down the discriminatory policy of this company, which refused to hire Negroes except as maintenance-of-way employees, the company's policy still is in effect.

The national F.E.P.C. expired with the emergency legislation under which it had been created. All attempts to get a bill for a permanent national fair employment practices committee have been thwarted by the southern Democrats, and certain Republicans, in spite of the support of President Truman and many of the Republican party leaders. President Truman's latest request has served to bring the issue before the public once again. It is inevitable that in an election year—and as confused an election year as this one—this problem and the civil rights issue in general should tend to be judged by the honorable representatives and senators from the practical vote-getting point of view. The chances for the passage of fair employment practices legislation in the very near future seems remote.

Meanwhile, however, there have been a number of northern states and cities which have passed laws against discrimination in employment since the end of world war two. During the last months of the war, New York and New Jersey put such legislation on their statute books, while Connecticut and Massachusetts have done so subsequently. Indiana and Wisconsin have a modified form of the law, and several cities, including Chicago, Milwaukee and Minneapolis, have municipal ordinances covering this subject.

During its first two years of operation the New Jersey Division Against Discrimination, which was set up under the Department of Education to administer the state's anti-discrimination law, had handled three hundred and twenty-eight cases. All of these cases were handled through means of conciliation and negotiation, and it was not found necessary to either hold public hearings on them or resort to the courts. The Division has been empowered to take action against discrimination in employment whether practiced by employers or by trade unions. Upon occasion it has had to handle cases involving the latter. For instance, a complaint was lodged against an employer saying that he refused to promote Negroes to a better-paying department of his plant. At the same time, complaint was lodged against the union as being responsible for this state of affairs. The situation was finally straightened out and Negroes are now hired throughout the factory in question.

Occasionally, the application of the law gives rise to rather amusing situations. In New York State, under similar legislation, a complaint was lodged by a white job applicant who claimed that an office building refused to hire him because he was white, since it had the policy of hiring only Negroes for elevator operator and custodial positions. Investigation was made, the man's complaint was verified and the manager of the building was ordered to cease discriminating against white men and to hire this applicant.

The Fair Employment Practices laws in those states in which they are now in operation have worked out quite well. In their first two annual reports the New Jersey Division Against Discrimination has said that the chief objections which were made to this legislation at the time it was being discussed have not been validated in practice. The Division has not been deluged with ne'er-do-wells, who had no legitimate basis for complaint; there has been no unreasonable agitation on the part of minority groups; there has been no noticeable tendency for industries and businesses to leave the state because of this legislation.

Futhermore, the Division has laid great stress on the fact that many employers have voluntarily decided to change their employment policies since the passage of the law. They note that several important banks in the state have done so, for example. And that this is true not only in New Jersey, but in other states with similar legislation, is indicated by the reports of professors in New York metropolitan colleges and universities, who report that business men who have habitually come to them for recommended students for white-collar and junior executive positions are now asking specifically for Negroes. Many employers are seeking to protect themselves from charges of discrimination by having at least a token Negro force on their staff. The New York State Commission Against Discrimination, incidentally, has ruled that the presence of a proportion of members of a minority on the work force of a given company equal to that minority's proportion to the total population is *prima facie* evidence of non-discrimination.

Some of the results of this anti-discrimination legislation are already making themselves evident. First of all, a great impetus has been given to the fight against discrimination in the trade unions. As a result of the state anti-discrimina-

tion laws, which applied to unions as well as employers, more than a dozen unions which have had all-white provisions in their constitutions agreed to submit these provisions to their conventions for further consideration. The newspaper *P.M.* recently reported that six of these, the Order of Railway Telegraphers, International Association of Sheet Metal Workers, Switchmen's International Union of North America, the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks (all A.F.L. unions), and the International Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees and Railroad Yard Masters of North America, independents, have dropped such provisions from their constitutions or by-laws. Seven other unions were reported to have revised their rules in New York State, and presumably other states covered by such legislation: Railway Mail Association, Brotherhood of Railway Car-men, A.F.L., Order of Railway Conductors, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, International Association of Machinists and Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, all independents.

Recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court are also likely to have an important effect in the trade union field. A decree of that body forbade discriminatory practices which had been agreed upon by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen and the Southeastern railroads for the purpose of putting Negroes more or less outside of the seniority rules of the companies, and ultimately eliminating them from the roads altogether. Now the Brotherhood has asked the systems for a new contract making Negroes eligible for promotion to engineer—something which the unions have steadfastly and successfully tried to prevent hitherto—and providing for equal treatment in promotions. However, a joker was inserted, providing that all firemen must take a test in order to be promoted to engineer, and that failure to take this test when eligible or failure to pass it would result in immediate dismissal. The Negroes denounced this as a more subtle but nonetheless sure method of eliminating them. In answer, a suit has been started to force the Brotherhood to admit Negroes, or failing that, to deprive the Brotherhood of its right to represent Negro firemen under the National Railway Labor Act. A favorable decision in this suit should go far toward destroying the pattern of discrimination on the southern railways.

The problem of discrimination is closely tied up with the question of education for minority groups. The increased demand for Negroes in better-paying jobs, resulting from the anti-discrimination laws, has shown up one sad fact—that in many cases there are no Negroes sufficiently trained to accept jobs which are now open to them. The problem of job discrimination therefore ties in closely with the issue of discrimination against minority groups in educational institutions. Until educational opportunities are opened to Negroes and other minority groups it will still be exceedingly difficult for them to make full use of the anti-discrimination statutes.

The pioneering work of the states of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts in the field of legislation against discrimination in employment is likely to be followed by many other northern states, and it may not be a very long time until some sort of legislation is passed on a national scale. But the words of the New Jersey Division Against Discrimination are probably prophetic not only for New Jersey, but for the other states which have taken the lead in this field:

"In the years ahead, the vast majority of New Jersey citizens will, undoubtedly, be proud that they lived in a state that was among the first to recognize more fully the civil rights of its inhabitants in keeping with the intention of both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States."

France and the Third Force

George McLure

► A NEW TERM has recently crept into the columns of the journals of opinion: "The Third Force." Said to have been conceived by Leon Blum during the critical debates in the French Assembly last autumn, its general adoption is a hopeful indication that popular political thought is clearing. The impact of events has been a rude but effective teacher.

The first implication of this term, Third Force, is that *socialism* is to be sharply distinguished from what is known as *communism*. So much to the good: socialist spokesmen have been blurring that issue too long, for reasons best known to themselves. The second implication should be a whole-hearted acceptance of the parties of Christian democracy as a permanent element in the new political stability for which the western world is striving. And to the end of purposive and consistent action, it would seem equally necessary to shape a clear picture of the rival Forces to which this Third is posited.

There is still much confusion here. For instance, in dealing with the situation in France, correspondents frequently refer to the party of Thorez and Duclos as being "to the left of the Socialists." Communist policy is said to "divide the progressive forces." Less serious perhaps, but still in error, is the loose description of de Gaulle as a "Fascist." These usages are clichés, now more or less devoid of meaning. At this phase of the postwar world it should be obvious that politicians do change their intention and parties their nature and composition. For our excuse, of course, the interpenetration of political opposites during the last two decades has been especially bewildering. But it is time for all democrats to understand that phenomenon, even if our Marxists have overlooked it.

The issues are fairly distinct in France; the crisis there is significant for the whole world, and its features can be interpreted in universal terms. The well-known English journalist, Michael Foot, has expressed this neatly: "The Third Force is not only the real hope of France. It is also the only real hope of Europe and the world." England, of course, is the mother of parliaments. English politics gave bourgeois parliamentary democracy the classic expression of its division of social interests in its Conservative and Liberal parties. Today it presents *radical* democracy with the first socialist government to rule over a major power. But in France the same political practices and principles have been demonstrated more dramatically, and though French socialism has not today the maturity of the British, it is bearing the immediate pressure of the two forces of reaction and rebellion.

We can dispense with an elaborate discussion of the place of parliamentary democracy in our civilization, and say only that it succeeded the government of medieval autocrats and oligarchies because it gave superior expression to essential needs and principles. Both the conservatism and the liberalism of bourgeois democracy gave such expression; they both embodied relatively valid conceptions of human nature and the material conditions of life. If conservatism had the stronger sense of reality and necessity, liberalism had the stronger sense of ideality and possibility. The interplay of these attitudes is the very nature of that opposition which is integral to the democratic process. Of course the interplay reveals in due time the deficiencies of the parties. Conservatism becomes a defence-mechanism for the more satisfied classes; liberalism becomes the strongest proponent of

private enterprise in industry, of freedom of trade and freedom of investment. That merely argues, however, the need of new parties. It does not invalidate the democratic process.

Among the "progressive" groups which have arisen to discuss the new needs can be found the crassest bigots and doctrinaires propounding over-simple schemes of taxation, distribution, monetary sleight-of-hand, or what not. But among them, also, are the practical thinkers and organizers who have initiated the political and social forces of the later phase of democracy, the new bottles for the new wine: the trade unions, the consumers' co-operative societies, and the socialist parties. In terms of an outworn figure of partisan arrangement, this *radical* movement represents an extension of the parliamentary arc to the "left." Actually it is something more, for a break with the economic system of private capitalism is implied. Yet politically the movement is a continuous evolutionary process.

At this place a humanistic definition of socialism is required. As the American thinker, Lewis Mumford, has implied, the conception itself is English, its first concrete expression the King's Highway: public construction for the use of every citizen. In the broader modern view, its central desire is for a balanced order of society, engaging the *social* impulses of ordinary men and women in a natural fashion, that is, with a minimum of organized force. A vital recognition of the common needs is involved: home, nutrition, cultural opportunity, leisure, creative employment. Instead of the domination of capitalist requirements, its proposed means are the co-operation of individuals and groups, and a deep faith in the value of life and its purposes. It must be emphasized here that *all these points are required in the definition*.

Though it has its element of Marxist doctrine (the more libertarian element), the Socialist Party of Jaures and Blum broadly represents these principles. It is of the west; its philosophy has been drawn from western experience. It corresponds, therefore, with the British Labor Party and the social-democratic parties of the neighboring countries. In one important respect, however, it has suffered a unique misfortune: it has largely lost contact with the national trade unions. Here, in fact, lies the essential debility of postwar French democracy: that the trade-union executive has fallen largely to men whose loyalties have been seduced from the original cause.

The reason for this schism lies deep in mass psychology, but it can be traced in simple outline. Without denying that Marx was a genius of sorts, it must be acknowledged that he produced a peculiar distortion of socialism. Steeped in German mysticism, he preached that social progress was implicit in a blind play of historical forces, and was effected through a series of cataclysms. This fatalistic creed aroused messianic hopes among many of the disinherited. While from such a state of unreason Marxist parties might be humanized by men like Kautsky or Jaures, they remained susceptible to disruption by unscrupulous demagogues ready to exploit all the irrational elements in the Marxist ideology. The apparent successes of revolutionary socialism (Bolshevism) in Russia made the schism definite in 1920; by 1940, the apparent successes of revolutionary nationalism (Fascism) in Italy and Germany had utterly transformed it.

Now it is these two turning-points that call for special clarification. While European socialism was separating out its irrational elements into Bolshevism, the irrational elements in European conservatism were passing through extreme nationalism into Fascism. And eventually these movements met and realized an explosive affinity.

Marxism and nationalism are the extremes of an arc, in two aspects. Extension beyond them is impossible within the limits of civilized discussion; and extension beyond them is therefore a break with parliament. Secondly, because there are no further ideas for either extreme to work into a consistent political ideology, they can only borrow or steal from each other, veer about in their directions, and together constitute a new world of their own making.

The Russian Marxists split over the question of taking state power. The Bolshevik faction rejected the idea of awaiting the conversion of the electorate to a socialist program, and by their decision to impose themselves by violence they enlisted the terrorist traditions of the east and espoused the eastern technique of government—namely, despotism. Their borrowings, therefore, were reactionary. In contrast, Italian and German fascism had its roots in archaic statist theories, while its borrowings were “progressive.” Mussolini and Hitler were compelled by the times to produce, along with their cruel caricature of patriotism, a simulacrum of economic security. In the reverse direction, Stalin was compelled to organize, along with certain restricted experiments in communism, the vast repressive apparatus of a police state. In all three countries, by a process of trial and error and *mutual influence*, the *camorra* became the type of party organization; and this gangster form, carried into complete control of the national life, forced every sort of activity into one mold of totalitarian uniformity. The pact of August, 1939, dramatically symbolized the closing of a circuit.

“Totalitarianism” means not merely the destruction of parliament; it means *the destruction of society*. In this new political world created by the modern tyrannies a cult of emotionalism displaces the appeal to reason. Debate and persuasion are therefore abolished, and public opinion is managed by a combination of propaganda and terror. The concept of a universal ethic is repudiated. The ordinary man is conceived as a brute having to be beaten into submission by arbitrary authority. The eventual outcome is a repudiation of social motives and ideals in favor of power as an end in itself. All of this world, when it is clearly discovered through the smoke-screen of propaganda, wish-projection, and the mere dust of the day, is profoundly abhorrent to any mind which has been awakened to the western values.

It is especially abhorrent, perhaps, to the French genius, with its passion for personal liberty and freedom of expression. Yet a passion for freedom alone will save neither France nor the west from defeat. A people, a civilization, is never homogeneous; it has its unregenerate elements, its underworld repressed beneath the surface of its cultural forms and social order. Upon this “lumpen-proletariat,” a potential enemy within the gates, the new world of total-despotism operates through its international system of agitators and saboteurs. In France there is a powerful “fifth column,” and it is against this agency that the Coalition of Ramadier and Schuman has striven throughout the past winter, with what degree of ultimate success is yet problematical. It is at least hopeful that some of the trade unions have been awakened to the issue.

The recrudescence of French conservatism under the authoritarian militarist de Gaulle cannot be ignored. It is at present an ambiguous movement. On the one hand are indications of a proto-fascist tendency; on the other hand it may represent a genuine attempt to restore the discredited bourgeois democracy. For the democratic world still has two segments in the total world situation, and it is the obstinate dispute within democracy between bourgeois and radical which is fundamentally weakening its resistance to the challenge of despotism. The economy of private capitalism is everywhere either moribund or so violent in its readjust-

ments as to be destructively anti-social; the sooner its political factions, the old bourgeois parties, give up the ghost, the sooner can democracy rally its inherent powers for the ultimate crisis. This is the real danger and pity of de Gaulle's movement, that it so distrusts the postwar radical democracy as to refuse its support to the party of Schuman and Bidault.

This new party, the Mouvement Républicain Populaire, must become a permanent constituent of French politics if democracy is to survive in Western Europe. It will always remain a vital principle that *democracy requires the play of dialectics*. In our time the proper centre of that play is shifting, and we see arising in Europe new parties which promise to take over from conservatism the valid points of its argument, while offering to provide with socialism the necessary mutuality of orderly discussion between opposing and yet complementary views. For its social inspiration Christian democracy can claim an illustrious lineage; yet it is a newly-aroused force, springing from the depths of defeat in war. It has experienced immediately the threat of despotism to every religious purpose; and it has experienced the futility of reliance upon a benevolent capitalism.

The more positive part of radical democracy will be the socialist parties. Socialism has already gained power on the fringes of Western Europe: an earnest, rather than a guarantee of victory. If that advance is to be consolidated, the French socialist party must do much more than recover lost ground. It must greatly extend its moral authority over the whole nation; particularly, it must win the confidence and support of the trade unions; generally, it must endeavor to pull the country socially abreast with Scandinavia and Britain.

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Dictatorship in the Caribbean

Robert J. Alexander

►ALTHOUGH IN RECENT YEARS many of the Latin American countries seem to have been moving toward democratic forms of government, there are exceptions. One of the most glaring of these is the Dominican Republic. Under the domination of its pint-sized Hitler, Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, it has probably the most totalitarian regime in the New World today.

The Dominican Republic is located on the island which Columbus discovered on that fateful day of October 12, 1492. In colonial days the island was known as Hispaniola, and during three centuries most of it was under the control of the Spanish Empire. However, during the 18th Century the western third of the island was conquered by the French. It was in that French part of the island that soon after the Revolution in the home country the Negro slaves arose in rebellion under the leadership of the famed Toussaint L'Ouverture.

During the next half century the Spanish half of the island shared the fate of the French part: renewed French invasion, submission to the regimes of the Haitians Dessaline, Emperor Henri Christophe and their successors. Finally, however, the Spanish section achieved its independence and the Republica Dominicana was founded. The subsequent history of the Dominican Republic was one constant series of revolts, dictatorships and upsets. For a short period the Dominican Republic even put itself once more under the rule of Spain, but this relationship was terminated after the American Civil War.

The nadir of the fortunes of the Dominican Republic, as of its sister nation, Haiti, was reached during the First World War, when the United States openly intervened in the affairs of the two republics, ousting their governments and substituting military occupation regimes. The excuse given for this action was that the two countries were unable or unwilling to pay their foreign debts, and that such a situation might lead to intervention upon the part of some extra-American power.

During the administration of the Americans, they built up in the Dominican Republic a new military force, and by the time the U.S. occupation came to an end, the chief of this force was Rafael Leonidas Trujillo. Although Trujillo did not become the first president of the restored republic in the late 1920's, he did succeed in becoming chief executive after a revolution early in 1930. He has been either president or the power behind the throne ever since.

From the economic point of view the regime of Trujillo has probably been good for the country. He has built bridges and roads; he has greatly extended and diversified the nation's agricultural production. The budget is balanced, law and order are kept even in the hinterland and even some schools have been built. And so far as the country's relations with other nations, Trujillo has followed the wise course of reducing the foreign-held national debt. In fact, in the middle of 1947 it was announced that the last of the country's foreign debt had been paid off.

The other side of the ledger is the extremely severe dictatorship which Trujillo has maintained in the island republic. There is a government party, the Partido Dominicano, the headquarters of which is housed in a magnificent marble-fronted building on one of the seaside boulevards

which "El Benefactor" has had constructed. Virtually every adult belongs to this party. It is said that from time to time the police make searches on trolleys and in buses, asking each passenger to present his identification papers—and his membership card in the Partido Dominicano. Failure to present the latter is taken as prima facie evidence that the individual is opposed to the regime and he is hauled off to the hoosegow until he can prove to the contrary. To lose one's Partido Dominicano membership card is a serious affair.

Secret police abound, and there is close control over correspondence, telephone conversations and other methods of communication. This writer knows of one of the less important officials of the Trujillo regime who requested his foreign friends to send his letters to him under a false name and to a false address, saying that if they were sent to him directly the police would read them first, and he might never get them.

The Dictator is a megalomaniac. He's had his congress declare him the benefactor of the nation, and he has had the audacity to change to Ciudad Trujillo the name of the country's capital city, Santo Domingo, which was the first city established by Europeans in the New World, and had borne that name since Columbus' time. In his capital city there are streets named after him and members of his family, there is a great obelisk built in his honor on the main boulevard, and this obelisk is only a few hundred yards from another more modest monument to the benefactor, commemorating one of his deeds.

In one way Trujillo has been very bad for his country. He has tended to emphasize racialism. The majority of his countrymen are of mixed Negro and white blood. Although himself a mulatto, he has done his utmost to "whiten" the Dominican Republic. He has tried various methods of trying to get Europeans to migrate to the island, ostensibly opening the doors to both Jewish refugees and those from Republican Spain. However, the conditions in the Dominican Republic have been such that refugees who have come there left as soon as they could get the means of doing so.

It is virtually forbidden to mention the Negro strain in the president's ancestry. He has given great preference to those who have no Negro blood. In the army, for instance, he has seen to it that the regiment whose job it is to guard public buildings in the national capital should be composed only of whites or those with no visible Negro ancestry. In public administration preference is said to be given quite frankly to those who are not Negroes. Although the rivalry between mulattoes, whites and Negroes is nothing new on this island, Trujillo has tended to intensify a latent racialism.

This policy was quite noticeable some years ago when under Trujillo's orders there was a widespread massacre of Haitian Negro agricultural workers who were laboring in the sugar and banana plantations of Western Dominican Republic. Although the labor of these nationals of Haiti is necessary, Trujillo apparently wanted to make it plain that they should form no idea of staying in the Spanish-speaking republic, that they were for a purpose and should go home when it was fulfilled.

There have been a number of attempts to oust the benefactor. The latest of these was in July and August, 1947, when an expedition was organized by Dominican exiles in Cuba to invade the Republica Dominicana. However, after Trujillo had given a great deal of publicity to this attempt, the Cuban government broke up the proposed expedition. Unless some similar try from the outside has success, it seems likely that the benefactor will continue in power until he or the Deity sees fit for him to retire.

Silver-Headed Canada

Blodwen Davies

► CANADIAN VITAL STATISTICS declare rather pointedly that Canada is no longer a gay young blade of a nation. Jack Canuck has silver threads among the gold. In plain words, we are an aging nation. Moreover we are aging fast.

The population has increased 21 per cent since 1931. But those in the population who are over fifty years of age have increased 48 per cent. Those who are over seventy have increased 60 per cent, and believe it or not, those over ninety have increased 120 per cent in the same length of time. Life expectancy is extending rather fabulously. In the western countries in 1900 it was 48. Today the average is 65. In Europe before the war the Netherlands had the highest expectancy, higher than that in North America. On this continent, Canada's life expectancy is higher than that of the United States. Highest of all is that of New Zealand, 65.5 for men, 68.5 for women.

This unheralded change in the balance of the age groups, while not as acute a problem as that of control of atomic energy, is almost as serious. It demands changes in attitudes and ways of thinking as profound as the changes demanded by the coming of the age of atomic energy. If we escape an atomic war, it will constitute one of the high priority subjects in planning for our political and economic future. We are scarcely beginning to realize the implications of the increasing life expectancy.

Even now we are floundering helplessly in dealing with the immediate problem of aging and senescence in this country. There are here and there some men and women in the social sciences, in voluntary agencies, in the National Employment Service and in the social welfare branches of government, struggling to bring its significance to the attention of a pre-occupied public. Out of the last depression there grew the Canadian Youth Commission to investigate all aspects of the problems of being young in Canada. Before many years we must have a Canadian Commission on Aging to get the facts of the problem of being over forty in Canada.

The lack of housing is complicating the problem of aging. Thousands of aging people who would otherwise find homes with relatives are now crowded into institutions and hospitals already bulging at every joint. The housing problem could be solved by a five-year plan. The aging problem is not only here to stay but it is so far only embryonic. The real complications are not yet recognized except by a few far-sighted experts in the field.

The National Employment Service has perhaps gone farther than any other group in efforts to investigate and act upon the problem of re-employment for those over forty for women and over forty-five for men. We have learned from the rehabilitation of ex-service personnel that apparent miracles can be worked in re-training for employment and in vocational guidance. Handicapped soldiers, someone said, are the prematurely aged. What we learn from their records can be applied in the re-training and re-employment of men and women of all ages. But if re-employment should be the cause of chronic anxiety in the middle forties, what of the prospects of those in the fifties, sixties and seventies? In 1941—that is, seven years ago—we had 410,336 Canadians gainfully occupied over sixty years of age. Commercial pension plans for sixty-five are a mixed blessing. They make re-employment after forty-five difficult in industries where they exist, and when they do retire a worker on pension they often sentence him to mental and emotional death. Social

science researchers know now that an arbitrary retirement age is psychologically unsound. But if the worker must retire on a public old-age pension, he practically has to hibernate for the rest of his life, foregoing decent clothing, proper food, recreation, travel or anything but the minimum of food and shelter. Senescent living with relatives or in little country places where they can raise their own food and keep themselves profitably occupied may make ends meet. But the vast majority of industrial workers of the post-employment age have to revert to accommodation in the large cities which would provide a reincarnated Charles Dickens with material for a shocking novel. The best we have achieved so far is already thoroughly outmoded in the light of statistics. If science achieves the end it is seeking, extending the span of life, we shall be overwhelmed with a multiplicity of problems in which mature and senescent men and women are involved.

There is a new aspect of this problem which demands immediate attention and immediate action. It can be attacked through education and through propaganda, in the best sense of that word. This is the self-education of all men and women for maturity and for senescence. One of the most curious facts to come out of the new studies of geriatrics, the medical science of aging, and gerontology, the psychology of aging, is that there are, apart from loss of income, few true problems of aging; most are problems of personality. We don't change as we grow old, we merely become more and more like ourselves. The anxious, suspicious, anti-social young man does not become serene, friendly, co-operative merely because he grows old. Nor does the warm, generous, intelligent young person become a crabbed, unlovable, grasping old person.

Most people over seventy have been out of school for over half a century. Only a small part of them deliberately planned to keep themselves abreast of the age. Intelligent youths under twenty-one are not allowed to vote, but so long as an old man can be carried to the polls he is allowed to vote. The political hazards of the aging of the population have had little attention. Yet, the chances of wise, constitutional change, to keep us in pace with the knowledge of the day, can be cut very low by the existence in the population of great masses of uninformed, unprogressive, unco-operative old men and women.

We need a new concept of education as a continuing process throughout life. We must have it to preserve a democratic way of life. We must come to regard the teacher in the same light as we do the doctor, the policeman or the fireman—someone we cannot get along without at any age. It isn't enough to have a hundred men in the nation who understand the new trends in economics, or the significance of the coming age of atomic power. We must have millions of voters who have been informed on such subjects, because these voters, no matter how old they may be, have the final word on whether or not we shall be prepared for the changes that are afoot or whether we shall cling to our old way until our social structure collapses in decay. A new concept of education would accomplish two things: it would provide safeguards for democracy in a swiftly-changing age, and it would also provide personal bulwarks against the frustrations and unhappiness of old age as we know it today. The incidence of senility is growing rapidly, for senility is a disease of idleness. There is a definite relationship not only between idleness and senility but between lack of education and lack of recreational interests, and senility. What folly it would seem to create a scientific culture which can prolong life but can find nothing to do with the added years but increase the incidence of senility and the social burden of geriatric institutions. The idleness of old age is not peculiar to old-age pensioners; there are senile millionaires who had nothing to fall back upon once they stopped making money.

What we must create is a new concept of personality and a new vision of a society serving the ends of personality. We have lived in a society oriented to the profit motive and now we are harvesting its fruits. Transferring the orientation to the state rather than to the bank, as totalitarianism proposes, is not the way out. But the society oriented to an ideal of personality fulfilment would provide the means to make a long span of life a promise rather than a threat. In a competitive society, the aging person will always be at a disadvantage.

Even tripling our old-age pensions would not solve the real problem, because so large a part of the problem of aging is psychological. We are as much in need of preventive geriatrics and preventive gerontology as we are of preventive medicine. Enough men and women have lived competent, pleasant and profitable lives far into the nineties to prove that it can be done. We should find the components of these successful lives and, by education, disseminate the facts.

When Wheat is Green

Mary Weekes

►UNTIL LAST EVENING, it was two years since I'd seen prairie grain fields in their green stage—lush green and of a hundred shades. Thrusting out of the black earth, like green lances, the glistening spears rolled across the land, bending and dipping in the breeze—undulating battalions stretching to the horizon. Only native prairie eyes know the beauty of lusty green that, preceding the ripening, transforms the prairie. Swollen by generous rains, the heads are filling out fast under the hot sun, but as yet they are copious green crops, prelude to yellow wheat; prelude to granaries running full.

It is generally the golden harvest scenes on the prairie that hold the stage. Then, gigantic combines swoop down upon the ripe wheat, cut, thresh, remove the chaff and channel the grain into conveyors that empty into following trucks. These great combines, that are necessary to harvest quickly the tremendous crops that cover section after section of prairie land, are viewed with respectful interest by farmers from other provinces, especially those whose small tillable fields are encompassed by rail or stone fences.

The green time on the prairie is the restful time. Its grand serenity invades the soul, lifts the jaded spirit to a revivifying current and divorces the mind from trivial irritations. As we drove out of Regina, only a panorama of green was in our eyes—a green sea of grain. Then, suddenly, out of the lavish green, like a picture flashed upon an immense screen, the town of Grand Coulee, set in a windbreak of poplars. Manitoba maples and blue spruce—and sentinelled by its traditional row of grain elevators—appeared. Grand Coulee is one of numerous sturdy towns in the wheat country of Saskatchewan that in early summer rise unexpectedly—as if suddenly popping up out of the earth—out of enveloping green.

We felt the pulsating warmth of the land around us and the fragrance of growing things—rank wild mustard smothering amidst the overpowering green spears; the sweet smell of milky grain. Orange-red lilies—emblem flower of Saskatchewan—lifted their regal heads from the folds of grass that bound the trails. Wild roses, misty pink and delicate, ran riot along the roadsides. These and the lilies contributed their scents to the summer evening. And the green ran away from us. And the crickets sang in the weeds.

As we drove along, we were impressed by the tremendous grandeur and latent vitality of the green prairie. About us

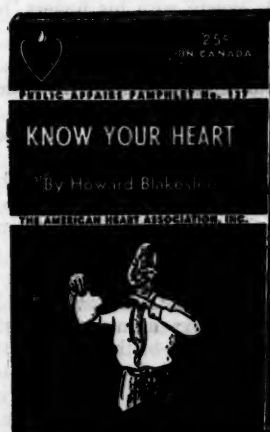
was impressive evidence of the prairie's submission to the pioneers—those youths of vision who, away back in the old provinces, put their small belongings and plows into ox-carts and hit the trail to the opening West to open to Canada this, now green, parturient land.

Snuggling in the folds of incipient coulees, almost swallowed by the green advancing grain, little shacks silvered by summer suns and driving blizzards, were to be seen. These weathered homestead shacks—each planted on a quarter-section of land—are the signatures of the great days of those pioneer youths; signatures of faith and endurance. They are the prairie's story! Today, rising above them, rising out of the triumphant green, are trim, modern, tree-girdled farm homes with clipped lawns and fine barns that give a settled and stable quality to the prairie land.

Skeletons of the Great Drought dimmed for us in a small way the picture of green prosperity that colors the land. Shacks with gaping holes in their sides (where once were windows and doors) intrude themselves here and there, although scarcely noticeable to unobservant eyes, so skillfully have the marching green spears enclosed them. Many of these abandoned homesteads, however, are coming slowly to life again, as returning soldier sons, bringing their little families, fresh hope and new planning to the unbeatable prairie land, take possession of them.

There is so much to see on the prairie, even now when it is shrouded in green. As we motored along—always abreast of the sprawling green—against a sky of crimson and tender coral and royal blue, we watched the yellow sun roll over the rim of the world. Then, in a sky drained of color, and changing to a leaden-gray, there stood, blackly-etched and clear-cut and stately in their still beauty, a row of grain elevators.

The lazy warmth of the day just dead lingered in the air as we turned homeward. The green array of marching spears was blotted out. The blaring lights of on-coming cars and the faint sob of distant trains was all that stabbed the serenity of the night. The prairie, vast and challenging and mysterious, had closed round us.



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No Young Man

Desmond Pacey

(SHORT STORY)

► IT WAS HALF-PAST ONE when he finished his last batch of freshman papers. All the other members of the department had left some time ago. He would have to eat lunch alone.

He walked up the Mall, past the white stone of the Civic Auditorium on his right and of the War Memorial on his left. It was a gray December day, and the huge thermometer on the billboard across the street registered ten below zero. The wind swept fiercely across the gravel of the Hudson's Bay parking lot and tugged at his coat-tails. He decided to pass up the wagon service of the Bay dining-room for a change, and turned right up Portage Avenue.

As he turned into the immensely broad street a blast of dust-laden air smote him in the face and made his eyes burn. The big display windows of the Bay store were full of expensive Christmas gifts arranged against a background of mimic snow. An amplifier above the door of a music shop spewed out the sentimentalities of a Bing Crosby carol; momentarily its sickly-sweetness was swallowed by the roar of two converging street-cars. The sidewalks were crowded with Christmas shoppers and with office-workers hurrying back from lunch.

He walked along the right side of Portage for a couple of blocks, then carelessly crossed against the lights. He had to jump the last yard to the opposite sidewalk in order to miss a speeding taxi. The driver honked his horn angrily and glared back at the young man through his rear-vision mirror.

He stopped at a café with a bright yellow plastic front, looked briefly at the menu displayed in the window, and then went in. The noon-hour rush was over, so he had no difficulty finding an empty booth. He hung his black overcoat, brown scarf and fur hat on a peg, and sat down wearily. His eyes, already tired from reading examination papers steadily all morning, were still smarting from the Portage dust, and he massaged the lids slowly with his fingers, his elbows propped on the smooth plastic tabletop.

A thin, graying, middle-aged waitress placed cutlery and a glass of water in front of him and waited for his order. He asked for the chef's special—roast beef—but it was all gone, and he had to settle for chicken à la king. The food was not badly cooked, but he was too tired to savor it properly and ate with automatic haste. He lingered over his coffee and cigarette, however, stretching out his legs and leaning back as comfortably as the straight back of the narrow booth would permit. After the wind and dust and noise of the avenue he found the restaurant quite comforting.

But what a way to celebrate his thirtieth birthday, he thought, looking around at the glossy chrome and plastic surfaces. Every year it was the same: his birthday fell in the middle of the Christmas examination period, and he was too busy and too exhausted to celebrate. Even now, lingering over his cigarette, he felt guilty: he should be getting back to the university to start his share of the sophomore papers. Christmas was getting so close that all of the members of the department were restless to have the papers finished. They had set an early deadline for the completion of the sophomore set, and to meet it he would have to mark almost constantly for the next three days.

The fag-end of the term! He was getting to hate it more each year, to feel more acutely the accumulated strain of preparing and delivering lectures, of answering the same

inane questions and of scrawling the same ironic comments on hastily prepared essays; and then, when every nerve of his body cried out for relaxation, to have to read hundreds of scribbled pages of crammed information and immature opinion; and to read it not casually, but with critical seriousness, weighing each feeble effort against the mythical ideal answer, and setting down with desperate finality the 30 or 50 or 70 which would decide the student's rank, perhaps make or break a career.

Suddenly he realized the drift of his thoughts and pulled violently at the oars. This would not do. It was not like him so to exaggerate the darker aspects of his profession. He had always ridiculed those who complained loudly of their trials; and he had enjoyed the exhilaration and excitement of the examination period. He must simply be overtired. What he needed, he decided impulsively, was a rest from marking. After all, it was his birthday. He would go to a show. The sophomore papers would have to wait.

He quickly stubbed his cigarette, got up from the booth almost gaily, twisted his scarf loosely round his neck, stuck his fur hat jauntily on top of his head, pulled on his overcoat, and headed for the door. He paused at the cashier's booth to pay his bill, and then swung through the glass door and out to the street.

Again the blast of cold air smote him, but he hardly noticed it this time and did not even bother to pull his fur hat down over his ears. There was a movie-house in the same block as the restaurant, and he bought a ticket without pausing to identify the film being shown. He saw so few movies that he had no fear of having seen the picture before, and he lumped them all together as more or less harmless opiates.

He walked up the carpeted slope of the theatre lobby, past the gilded mirrors which lined its walls, gave his ticket to the usher and entered the warm dark interior. He found a vacant seat near the back and leaned back comfortably against its padding.

For a long time he scarcely paid any attention to the screen, allowing the film to unroll before his eyes like a pageant with which he had no concern. The main feature was already well underway when he entered, but he did not resent that or make any effort to piece together the plot from the clues in front of him. Instead he simply relaxed in his seat, propping his knees on the back of the chair ahead and enjoying the warmth, the darkness, and the characteristic theatre odor.

Gradually, however, almost against his will and certainly without conscious effort, he found his interest in the film aroused. He noticed first that the hero looked something like himself, and he began to take a casual interest in his doings simply because of that resemblance. Imperceptibly his interest mounted; he was aware of a growing sympathy with the man on the screen. The hero was in difficulties, he was ill, there was a suggestion of possible death. The young man in the audience lowered his knees and sat upright, tensely watching each development.

He found himself, finally and incredibly, identifying himself fully with the shadowy celluloid figure. He fought the identification, called to his aid his intellectual sophistication and critical detachment, but it was not to be resisted. A trick of the nerves, he told himself, of nerves frayed by overwork—but the illusion persisted and hardened. He felt through his own flesh the agonies that racked the hero, drew strained breath for breath. He lay upon the bed and sweated; he tossed from side to side in delirious fever. At last, when death came, the strength left him and it was only by a supreme effort of will that he retained consciousness.

As his feelings returned to normal he took no further interest in the screen but concentrated upon an analysis of the strange experience he had undergone. It was, he knew,

an experience he would never forget, the consequences of which he would never escape. It was not the identification which was important: that, in varying degrees, was a common enough experience, though he had never known the process to be so vivid and so complete. The really important thing was that for the first time he had realized, fully realized in the core of his being, the fact of death. Of course he had always been aware, with the mind, that death was inevitable, that he himself must somehow and someday die. But he had never really believed it before, never fully felt it. Death had always been a mere idea, a remote impersonal contingency which had no direct relevance to him. Even the great writers on death—Donne, Webster, Jeremy Taylor—had never penetrated his consciousness properly. It was ironic that a second-rate movie should do for him what they had failed to do.

But it had done it. He knew now what death was like, had felt its hand upon him. Now he would always be aware of that hand hovering to strike, would be constantly alert and yet powerless to evade it.

The memory of some long-forgotten sentence stirred in his mind. It was a sentence, he knew, which was relevant to his present situation, which would reveal to him its full meaning. He perceived the words vaguely, but could not quite bring them into focus. He gave up the attempt, and looked again at the screen. The main feature was ended, and the newsreel was beginning. He watched the pictured scenes of pomp and violence, but they seemed unreal, as if they belonged to a world from which he was now strangely and permanently removed. The men and women were puppets dancing to the pull of fantastic strings.

He did not wait to see the part of the main feature which he had missed. He had no further interest in the hero who had formerly stirred him so deeply. He gathered up his hat and coat and headed for the exit.

He paused before one of the mirrors in the lobby to put on his coat, scarf, and hat. The image he saw did not please him; he had a new consciousness of self in which all his weaknesses were made palpable. His shoulders sagged, his face was lined and sallow, his eyes dull and dark-circled. Suddenly, as he stared critically, the forgotten sentence came to him. It was from Hazlitt—"No young man believes he shall ever die."

He deliberately straightened his shoulders, smoothed the lines in his face, and with a determined energetic stride walked toward the cold gray street.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► THERE WOULD SEEM TO BE no graceful position between innocence and wisdom. Hollywood, in attempting to treat the subject of anti-Semitism at all, has recently taken two shuffling steps out of complete unawareness: *Crossfire*, and *Gentleman's Agreement*. The first is reasonably good entertainment, but negligible propaganda; the second has one or two reasonably good ideas on the subject in hand, but has imbedded them in such a preposterous fable that it is difficult to recognize their validity.

Crossfire is a fast melodrama of some competence about a psychopathic killer whose motive happens to be race hatred; it might easily have been anything else, like wanting to kill everybody with red hair, for instance (only for that you'd need technicolor). If the idea behind anti-Semitic propaganda is to combat the disease by first making the patient aware that he is infected (which seems to be the tack that Hollywood is taking), then obviously *Crossfire* is a dud. No one is going to recognize himself, and be properly horrified, in a brutal maniac whose only attractive attribute is an ability to run very fast and with great athletic style. The picture does have a kind of preparatory usefulness, I suppose, because in it some characters do use the common epithets, like kike and sheeny, which are far too current coinage in referring to people who profess the Jewish religion. They are crude and ugly sounds, but their shock value is highest where the coinage is least used; so that in any really effective terms, *Crossfire* is just so much wasted ammunition.

Gentleman's Agreement, on the other hand, is a film intended to show where the roots of the virus are and how the symptoms appear in normal people. Unfortunately Hollywood has never yet produced a picture about normal people, and *Gentleman's Agreement* most emphatically does not break the jinx; Gregory Peck, Dorothy Maguire and Celeste Holm move through the story in a haze of glamor. Peck is one of those romantic freelance writers, whose assumed martyrdom pays off heavily in cash, and Dorothy Maguire's dilemma is a deliberately frivolous treatment of what undoubtedly is for many individuals a serious social predicament. The sleight-of-hand involved in juggling so much of what the characters refer to as "dynamite," but which the audience recognizes as pretty ersatz stuff, is wonderful to see, but ultimately reduces the whole picture to a foolish, meaningless charade.

Once, significantly, *Gentleman's Agreement* does come to life. John Garfield describes the death of a Jewish soldier overseas, and remarks that the last words the man heard were "Somebody give me a hand with this sheeny." Here again we are back in the *Crossfire* atmosphere; demonstrating pretty conclusively that the only note of reality that can be struck in this kind of Hollywood confection is fairly low in the scale of subtlety.

A good deal of fuss is made, in the picture, about the question of correct social behavior when a joke about Jewish sharp business practice is made at a friendly dinner party; no attempt is made however to explain the ricocheting sensitivity which makes it often impossible to permit such a joke to be made, although it is quite permissible to mention Scottish thrift in the presence of a Scot and Irish blarney in the presence of an Irishman, and even to laugh, if the joke is good enough in itself. The militant, or leaning-over-backward attitude of the anti-anti-Semite is a trap almost impossible to avoid; and yet what we are ultimately aiming

Housing and Community Planning in Canada

(October 1947 issue of *Public Affairs*, a Canadian Quarterly)

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at is an attitude where no one need be on the defensive at all; that is, a genuine unawareness of any difference whatever.

It is difficult to see how unawareness is to be cultivated; but it is equally difficult not to realize that the anti-anti-Semitic campaign does create an awareness where possibly no awareness existed before. As someone said the other day, we cannot recapture our innocence once we have lost it. All we can do is guard it as long as possible in the children who still possess it; and in the adult world, refuse to laugh at the jokes, or shoot the man who makes them; neither of which tactics is very satisfactory. Still, if you are at sea in a sailboat, and all the occupants thereof are sitting on one gunwale, you would be a fool to sit in the middle; the only possible move is to sit on the opposite gunwale and hope for a shift in the winds of God.

Recordings

Milton Wilson

►THE TWO COLUMBIA orchestral recordings which have come to my attention this month contrast in an interesting way. One is the *Symphony No. 1* of Dvorak, played by Erich Leinsdorf and the Cleveland orchestra; the other is the *Unfinished Symphony* of Schubert, played by Bruno Walter and the Philadelphia orchestra. The sheer sound, as it comes off the records, tells us something about the difference between two orchestras, two conductors, and between the orchestration of two compositions. Tovey has remarked on the shrillness of Dvorak's orchestration, and when this shrillness is combined with wide-range recording the result will be brilliant enough. Schubert's orchestration in his symphony is more hushed than usual, and the recording itself keeps the high tones fairly well subdued, so that there is nothing flashy about the sound of this set. The next difference may be attributed to conductor, composer and orchestra in whatever proportion you wish. The Dvorak recording sounds clear and firm but not rich; whereas the Schubert work comes across with richness and breadth of sound. I would suggest that if Bruno Walter and the Philadelphia orchestra had performed the Dvorak work, it too would have had richness and breadth rather than the mere firmness of the Leinsdorf performance. Bruno Walter's tuttis never sound hard and muscular (as Toscanini's sometimes do) but have substance and momentum of a very different kind. He never drives the music, it seems to move on with its own weight. Relaxed power is his ideal. Leinsdorf's performance sounds brash beside Walter's, although it makes up in enthusiasm and gusto what it lacks in subtlety. What is more, although at his best Walter is a very great conductor, his particular ideal is hard to maintain accurately, and, fine as this Schubert performance is, it needs a little more firmness to pull it together. As for the Dvorak work itself, it combines imitation and invention in a way that I find most delightful. It is full of captivating melodies, and if the first movement makes admiring gestures at the *Eroica Symphony* in some of its subsidiary matter, that only adds to the general exhilarating effect, just as in Dvorak's even more enjoyable *Symphony No. 2* the Brahmsian echoes only serve to remind us how original Dvorak is, and how essentially different from Brahms.

Columbia has also recorded Mozart's *Clarinet Quintet*, played by Reginald Kell and the Philharmonia Quartet. A performance would have to be truly remarkable to do justice to the work, and this one, although good, is by no means good enough. The Quartet's playing is lively but not vital

(listen to the opening of the last movement and you will see what I mean); Kell's playing is subtle but somehow arbitrarily so. How much is Mr. Kell's fault and how much his instrument's I am uncertain; but for some reason the clarinet can rarely phrase with subtlety and not sound at the same time affected. I wish I had a really good performance of this Quintet fixed in my mind so that I could refer my dissatisfaction with Mr. Kell's to something clearly defined, but in the absence of that I shall merely record my conviction that although you may find this set a good one to own, I doubt if any lover of Mozart will be nearly satisfied with it.

O CANADA

Parliament At A Glance. . . Today. The Commons will discuss various legislation. The Senate will sit.

(Ottawa Citizen, March 23, 1948)

CASKET BOYS JOIN UPHOLSTERER UNION. On the heels of the announcement grave-diggers of five Toronto cemeteries have signed new contracts calling for a 15-cent hourly increase comes word that casket workers are now organized.

(Toronto Star)

Ottawa, March 18 (CP)—Unprecedented profit on storage butter has been made by Canada Packers, Ltd., on the rising market of the last few months, company president J. S. McLean told the Commons price committee today. But Mr. McLean insisted the profit—averaging a net of 11.21 cents a pound—had accrued to Canada Packers' stocks in the normal course of a bull market and there was nothing the company could do about it.

(The Calgary Albertan)

The protest against "supporting" the government followed. Without announcing his name, a delegate said: "No matter how good a policy the government has, we should be big and strong enough to have one of our own. I would ask that the motion be withdrawn." "We withdraw," Mr. Hermitage promptly agreed. In a hubbub of conversation a woman delegate from Eglinton [Liberal] association exclaimed, "Somebody must have got all mixed up. No matter how right Drew might be, I wouldn't approve anything he did."

(Toronto Star)

The Social Credit party in Saskatchewan is willing to co-operate with other parties "in the fight against Socialism," Dr. J. N. Haldeman, leader of the Saskatchewan Social Credit league, said in an address over CKCK Wednesday night. But the party would nominate candidates in every constituency because Liberal Leader Walter Tucker "has shown no indication he wishes to defeat Socialism; but is interested only in defeating the CCF," Dr. Haldeman said.

(Regina Leader-Post)

Prof. B. K. Sandwell said in a speech in Montreal that Canada was protected against invasion by her climate. That was 25 years ago this week.

(Montreal Gazette)

R. B. Graham, representing the Winnipeg police commission, Wednesday urged the law amendments committee of the legislature to amend the provincial government's proposed labor codes so that members of any police force in Manitoba would be prevented from joining the trade union. Mr. Graham said he doubted whether police would want to join a union unless "energetic and determined" labor organizers tried to "hook them up."

(Winnipeg Free Press)

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On the Air

Allan Sangster

►MR. ANDREW ALLAN'S salary as Producing Supervisor of Drama for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, including all emoluments for the production of the "Stage" series and many other productions which benefit from his skill and knowledge, is approximately five thousand dollars a year.

Doctor Augustin Frigon's salary as General Manager of the same Corporation, including all emoluments for the attitude, personality and activities which last fall set the whole program department on its ear and which still keep it seething, is approximately fourteen thousand dollars a year. (In last fall's upheaval the CBC lost its Supervisor of Music and Director of the French Network, Jean M. Beaudet; received, accepted, then refused the resignation of its Chief News Editor, D. C. McArthur; was threatened with the resignations of many other able employees.)

Surely there is here too marked a discrepancy, a discrepancy so marked as to suggest that the Corporation's entire scale of values is faulty, that it needs sharp examination and thorough revision.

The CBC's primary function and avowed purpose is the production of radio programs—the dissemination to the people of Canada of entertainment, news and information. In this art and science Mr. Allan has an international reputation; there are probably not anywhere in the world ten men of comparable stature in this difficult and exacting field. As the Corporation's Chief Engineer, Doctor Frigon was apparently extremely competent, but I have never heard it suggested, even by his most ardent proponents, that his attainments bring him within shooting distance of Mr. Allan's excellence.

Admittedly the CBC is an organization of magnitude, employing, as it does, about a thousand persons, owning vast plant and facilities, receiving and disbursing some five million dollars annually. But business men capable of administering organizations of this size are, relatively speaking, a dime a dozen; the country has produced hundreds of them but only one Andrew Allan.

Even if Doctor Frigon were beyond question the best general manager who could possibly be found for such a corporation, it must be remembered that the CBC is a very special kind of institution, that its needs are emphatically *not* those of a factory, a mercantile office, or the ordinary departments of the Civil Service. The most important members of the CBC staff, remembering its purpose and functions, must always be the creative ones, the men and women who can make radio programs and present them effectively to the microphones. Next below them (actually as necessary but not as scarce) are the engineers and technicians who transmit the programs to our receiving sets. Far below either of these classes, so far as effective operation is concerned, are the office drones, the bureaucrats, the members of the notorious Department of Personnel and Administration whose major task seems to be the throttling and hamstringing of the creative workers.

I suggest that twenty-five ranking executives (excepting a very few in the program department) could be removed from their offices and held *incommunicado* indefinitely, and that the radio listener would never notice. If the twenty-five ranking producers, writers, actors and musicians were similarly eliminated the whole program structure would collapse into a welter of gramophone records. Remove the

technicians as well and the CAB boys would present hosannahs from every private station.

Now what does the CBC do to keep its creative talent happy, how does it encourage the creative spirit? Let's go back to Mr. Allan—not that he is the only example, but we started with him.

If Andrew Allan were to give up the production of radio drama, if he were to forsake the work which he does so well and which has made his reputation, and instead take a purely supervisory position with the CBC, the Corporation would pay him a higher salary. Does that make sense? Of course not, but there's a rule.

If Mr. Allan, or J. Frank Willis, or Esse Ljungh, decides to work twice as hard and plays a part in a program which he is also producing, is he rewarded for his extra effort and devotion to duty? He is not; he may not pay himself the fee which otherwise he would have to pay a freelance actor. There's a rule.

The CBC salary list includes, in non-writing capacities, a good many persons who are also competent writers. Now and then the fire of inspiration lights up within these people; they sit down and, in their own time, write scripts which the CBC is glad to include in its program schedules. So the grateful Corporation pays its employees the regular script fee for this extra work? Don't be silly—it will perhaps extend a formal word of thanks, but nothing more. You see, there's a rule which says that no one already on salary may receive writing or performance fees from the Corporation. The odd and inconsistent thing about this rule is that it does not prohibit employees from accepting the fees of commercial sponsors.

Instances of this kind could be cited *ad nauseam*, if that condition has not already been reached. Producers, for example, in whose hands rests the final responsibility for putting programs on the air, are not made welcome at the periodic conferences in which those programs are decided upon.

Finally, as an example of where these short-sighted policies lead, we might take a brief look at Fletcher Markle, one of the most brilliant radio men ever to leave Canada. Mr. Markle has, inherently, what radio needs, but I think no one will quarrel with the suggestion that his inborn talent found itself during his long association with Mr. Allan. Fletcher Markle is now CBS's ace dramatic producer; as such he is expected to produce *one* one hour show per week—Columbia's Studio One. That is his complete job. Mr. Allan's production time averages two to three hours per week; in addition he keeps a supervisory eye on all the CBC's dramatic activity. Even with every allowance for the difference in wealth of Canadian and American networks, it hardly seems sound that Mr. Allan's salary should be, as it reputedly is, only a third to a fifth of Mr. Markle's.

The CBC, I submit, is making the common error of large institutions—a particularly devastating error in its own case: it undervalues and underpays the very people most necessary to its effective functioning—the creative ones. But then, I am told by CBC employees, Doctor Frigon has repeatedly told them that he is not interested in the persons in his employ, only in their positions and their rank within the corporate structure. With that attitude at the top, what else could one expect?

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I

Old Adam Spence,
Rebellion year,
Bought his land, began to clear,
And settled down to raise his house
Beyond the view of neighbor's fence:
Land-pride possessed old Adam Spence.

The ceilings, lathed and plastered, rose
Ten feet above the hand-hewn floors;
American carved oak, the doors
Four inches thick, seven foot two,
Let Adam and his sons stamp through.
To brick the fireplace sandstone rocks
Were hauled inshore in massy blocks;
And black ash shelves contained the glass
That William got from Cooper's lass,
The one who stumbled off the cliff.

The windows opened small, as if
Old Adam and his sons, once in
Had more to do than sit and grin
At every passer-by. The stairs,
Not to be taken unawares,
Some nights could not be climbed at all
After a ceilidh, when the men
Would sleep awhile and drink again
Until the horses, tied outside,
Neighed for their share of what was plied.

Inside and out the house was done
And faced across the green fields where
No field (but fallow) stood crop-bare.
Winter blows planed the northern wall,
And once or twice made chimneys fall;
And in the Yankee storm the stones
Trembled to their scaly bones:
But stood.

II

When Adam Spence was dead,
And all his sons had followed
And left their sons, at last of all
Only old Joe was left to call
The twelve cows up, while young Joe made
The bread, and found what eggs were laid.
Though half the land had sold for tax
Depression years, they had their pride;
They worked on fit to bend their backs,
Broke even, and were satisfied.

Old Joe's wife had gone away
As the country people say
Five years to the very day
When (May 10, 1942)
Young Joe woke up and smelt a reek
And felt a fire on his cheek.
One hundred years and several odd
The generations trusted God
And kept the stoves in every night:
Now in the flaring, eating light
Joe and Joe dropped into snow,
Watched the narrow windows glow.
Neighbors came and held the stock,
And the house, though built on rock,
Flamed till after dawn, the shell
A similitude of hell

(So said old Joe, more or less).
Neither had had time to dress—
Stocking feet, a cap, a coat—
Old Joe took a septic throat,
Stayed with neighbors; while young Joe
Put the chickens into bed,
Fed the cattle in the shed,
Slept with them on a blanket taken
From a neighbor.

So, forsaken,
Six inch boards, imported doors,
Mirror, organ, hand-hewn floors—
All ashes, rubble, broken, stained,
And the lumps of calcined stone,
Were the homestead that remained.

Old Joe died; young Joe, alone,
Sold the land and went away.
Asked, he said he would not stay
To see the tourist cabins built
On the land his family held,
Or watch them gape across his sea.
"Boston'll have to do for me,"

He said,
And now a hotel stands
Where Adam Spence first broke his lands;
And the fields are bare and spent:
Park land for the government.

Margaret R. Gould.

Night Train

Night:
A Guyfawkes hesitation.
Shallwillshall it go.
The wheels have chilblains.
Will the trees let the train pass?
Will the pond reflect the yellow light?
There is a dead caterpillar of smoke
Horizontal and stalagmite
And the first bar of annielaurie
In a minor-key at Sebben's crossing.
All the way from Stratford to Shakespeare
The night-train trails a stream
Of light brown hair
Until the curls come out finally
Into a fine tea-colored mist.
Each night she moans by
With her wig of nut-brown curls.

James Reaney.

Moon of Green Apples

The waning moon
with her green-apple face
hangs the town
with a milky lace.

And night a crone
grown sallow as whey
ties a nubia on
of moon crochet.

Christine Turner Curtis

Tribute

Peonies budded seven centuries ago
In the pavilioned palace gardens of Emperor Hsuan-Tsung;
I have one red peony whose flowering is awaited
With that selfsame delight the Chinese poet felt
Who noted oval rims of color widening
Hour by hour through green parting sepals.

O beautiful and ancient flower,
Here are no white imperial peacocks to tread patterns
In dew upon the springing tender grass;
A seagull cries in the pale-clouded sky.
Bamboos flick no cut-paper shadows
Across your serene heads; a young birch stands
Small-leafed and northern in the rocks close by.
Yet I, choosing three precious buds,
A Wedgewood jug, a spray of mountain ash,
Arrange a still life worthy of your beauty,
And in my mind a tribute is composed,
A poem of four matched and polished lines.

Lenore A. Pratt.

Mrs. Perkins

Starry winks of chromium and the gleaming depths
Of tiles colored like Renoir's rosy nudes,
And the latest, the very latest thing in baths,
Couchant and dreamy in jade, porcelain invitation;
Soft peachbloom towels and crystal amphora
Whose fretted stoppers pen the velvet sighs
Of summer gardens;
And like a waterlily's purely floating bud,
A throne whose inherent chaste design
Rebuked old Rabelais and coarser worlds.
This was the corner Mrs. Perkins carried in her heart,
Carried it on a donkey to the sand-eroded Sphinx,
To the dancers of Bali and the Dome and Rotonde,
And the broken honeycomb of moonlit coliseums,
And the Raffles at Singapore and the New Stanley lounge,
The hotspots of Shanghai and the sunsets of Capri.
For she was quite a globe-trotter and in the glass case
Of luxury cruises floated round the tourist museum,
Comparing it frostily with her perfect plumbing.
Toward the end she gave up going to church
And died an unbeliever. The unplumbed heights of heaven
Depressed her and she was only happy in her bathroom
With the shades discreetly drawn.

J. L. Smallwood.

Ski Heil!

There are petals strewn on the hillside—
Petals, many-colored, sharp against the snow.
And where there was movement there is silence,
Where there was shouting there is stillness
And the petals strewn on the hillside
Are like figures on the bruised snow.

There is a stream, now frozen, you can see it,
A thin blade twisted between the shoulders
Of the two hills. A gash in autumn,
It is a murmur in summer, a vessel in spring
Cupping the torrent, a brush of cool waters.
But now it is a thin blade twisted.

On its bridge a scarlet petal stiffly beckons.

F. Ziemans.

The Eyes

Masked and impassive is the face I see,
The eyes lidded and oblique as the eyes of a fawn,
Eyes through which the heart's poor innocence is drawn
And cold indifference looks back at me,

Flashing against the beautiful and cherished in my mind
With the shifting hard refracted beams of gems:
Upon clove-spotted tiger lilies steeped on tall stems,
A necklace of branched coral, the lustrous blind

Orb in a peacock's feather, an ivory fan that lay
With folded lace in a locked drawer when I was a child,
The taut ribbed wings of butterflies, pear trees growing wild
In an orchard snarled with tendrils of decay,

The strong symmetrical beauty of a hand
Writing on the blank page a name or the title of a song:
The eyes have no compassion. I long
I strain to resist, deny, at least to understand

What chemic force, what dark unuttered word
Compels me to look up, acknowledge and declare
How willing and how weak I am who stare
Possessed and helpless as a netted bird.

Lenore A. Pratt.

Green Glass

It is late spring
And the lean apple-tree
In front of the poorhouse
Has dusted herself
With a white rouge,
A scented powder.
All the winter-windows and the wind-windows
In Cardwell's Bush
Are filled with yellow-green
Glass.
There is no green glass for me.
No green glass
For any of us.
No green girls,
No green laughing,
No green tussles
But all gray boughs
And gray bare branches.
Just the tracery
And the window-frame
Where it was . . .

James Reaney.

Finale

All that I have said and done,
All that I have seen and heard
Ends upon a mountain sun
And the grace-notes of a bird;

Ends upon a mountain sky
Singing urgently of light,
While the tone-deaf world and I
Crash into the chords of night.
Gilean Douglas.

TRANS-CANADA

► THE STUDENTS COUNCIL of the University of British Columbia has begun a collection of Canadian paintings for the University. It is a similar scheme to the one the students of the University of Toronto initiated some thirty years ago and which resulted in the now famous Hart House collection. The first painting acquired by the students at U.B.C. and presented to the university is one by Ed. Hughes of Victoria, entitled "Abandoned Village." Hughes is a product of the Vancouver School of Art and painted some of the most original paintings by Canadian war artists of the last war.

* * * *

► ARTHUR PHELPS has been appointed to the National Council on Physical Fitness as the representative of the Canadian Arts Council.

* * * *

► DRAMA has flourished this term at the University of New Brunswick. The Faculty Players produced Aristophanes's *Frogs*, directed by Prof. R. E. D. Cattley. They streamlined this play for a present-day audience with local poetasters in the pillory instead of the minor Greek poets of the original. The U.N.B. Dramatic Society gave Oscar Wilde's *Importance of Being Earnest*, directed by Ralph Hicklin. Both productions were indebted to Gordon Wood and Lucy Jarvis for sets and costuming.

* * * *

► MANITOBA is the first province to complete the formation of a Provincial Arts Council. Eight arts and crafts groups are the charter members of the Arts Council of Manitoba which was admitted to membership in the Canadian Arts Council at the annual meeting in Montreal in April. The Ballet Club is one of these, ballet being a well-supported art in the prairie province.

* * * *

► THE LADY DAVIS Foundation has just announced that twenty-five fellowships are to be awarded to help bring distinguished European scholars and scientists to Canada who are likely to settle here in universities across the Dominion.

* * * *

► HIGH PRAISE should go to the Legislative Assembly of Ontario for its endeavor to encourage painting. The first annual award of \$500 was presented at the opening of the annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists.

* * * *

► SCORES of some thirty Canadian compositions were given to Dr. Howard Hanson for the music library of the Eastman School, Rochester, New York. Ettore Mazzoleni, principal of the Royal Conservatory of Toronto, and Dr. Arnold Walter, director of the Conservatory's senior school, made the presentation on behalf of Canadian students attending the American Music Students Symposium.

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TURNING NEW LEAVES

► THE SENIOR AUTHOR of this scholarly volume* is already the victim of comedians' gags, and stands in almost certain danger from Tin Pan Alley ("I kin see you kin see that I've read Kinsey too-oo!"). These, however, are only signs of the unhealthy confusion of our sex mores, and Kinsey's revenge will lie in the solid contribution he has made to their ultimate clarification. For this is a serious, scientific and almost definitive study of male American sex behavior as it actually is, and its results are bound to be far-reaching.

It is also the first such study, and for other than technical reasons. For only in our time (and possibly in later Greece and Renaissance Europe) has the social climate been precisely what was required. There had to be enough cultural diversity to make the sexual patterns of the population significantly divergent, a blanket of taboos to prevent their being generally known without investigation, and also enough weakening of these taboos to make publication possible (and, as it turned out, profitable). Otherwise the book would have been either superfluous or intolerable. Imagine its reception during the past three centuries. Mr. Pepys, though conscious of a certain impropriety, would have been most impressed by its gratuitous character: "... mighty ingenious, but Lord! that one should fill so many pages with that which every man doth know from a boy, touching the diverse manner whereby men do seeke their pleasures, is methinks the strangest thing that ever was nor ever will be." With Dr. Johnson the moral aspect is already dominant: "I say, Sir, that he has misapplied his labor. He writes as for the learned, but the learned man will not abase his mind to the consideration of such matters, whereas the vicious will be confirmed in their debauchery." And, through the fog of prudery that swept in under Victoria, we may hear Mr. Ruskin's shrill execrations: "... brazen indecency... voluptuous burrowings in human ordure!"

Some of today's criticisms have a similar ring, but the only serious ones touch on the representativeness of the material. Most of these focus on the final sample of 5300 males, which is heavily over-weighted with the upper educational levels. Nowhere, however, is the total group used as the basis of general statements; calculations are made for every sub-group separately, and the size of these is adequate for the degree of accuracy claimed. Where projections are made for the U.S. population as a whole, the data from each group are weighted in proportion to the size of that group in the population. No one who works through the 118 pages devoted to method will suspect the statistical procedures; Kinsey is a professional taxonomist and knows his statistics, the methods are exhaustively explained and the utmost caution is everywhere apparent.

More important is the validity of the original data; how much covering-up was there in the interviews, how much exaggeration? Kinsey has evidence suggesting considerable suppression of tabooed activities—no comfort to those who already find these rates alarmingly high. Exaggeration seems to have been well controlled by the interviewing techniques; these appear admirable, and the discussion of interviewing in Chapter Two would make an excellent manual on the subject. Second interviews with the same subjects after several years, comparisons of data from three interviewers, and comparisons between those secured at different periods of the study, all show strikingly high correlations on most items. No possible checks seem to have been overlooked.

*SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE: Alfred C. Kinsey, W. B. Pomeroy and C. E. Martin; McAlinsh & Co. (W. B. Saunders Company); pp. 804; \$7.50.

The most important question is whether the nature of the study tended to select subjects whose sexual histories were atypical, thus distorting the findings. Kinsey is, as always, thoroughly aware of this danger and has used extreme care in selecting (or not selecting) cases. His main reliance is on the use of 100 per cent samples (all members of a fraternity school class, service club, professional group, etc.) and 26 per cent of the histories come from such samples. Comparison of these with histories secured from volunteer sources shows almost perfect correspondence in the incidence of various activities, but some discrepancy in frequencies, the volunteers recording higher rates. There are several possible explanations of this, but the authors intend to secure more 100 per cent samples in future.

As for the findings, the most significant to a psychologist is the vast range of individual differences in the frequency of sexual outlet. We have learned that individual differences in intelligence are far wider than popularly supposed, but we are unprepared for the discovery that one of two neighbors, of similar age and background, may have a steady rate of sexual activity that is 20, 50 or even 100 times that of the other. What this does to our concepts of "normal," "excessive" and the like needs no emphasis; the confusion it may create among those who try to form policies in this field is amusingly brought out by the authors in a reference to discussions by educators.

With all this variation, however, it is the average figures which have startled the public, the first shock being the high degree of sexual activity in early adolescence, with the lifetime peaks of frequency falling regularly in the late teens. Taken in conjunction with increasing delay in marriage, this raises a number of social problems on which the authors have some striking things to say. For instance, 85 per cent of the younger male population could be convicted as sex offenders if law enforcement were efficient. A second shock was the high incidence of disapproved activities—masturbation (corrected U.S. figure 94 per cent), pre-marital intercourse (92 per cent), homosexual experience (37 per cent)—and also of such tabooed practices as oral-genital contacts. These figures, however, should not astonish anyone who has mixed freely in various male groups; the significant fact is their being thus brought to public notice.

More interesting, because less expected, are two other findings, the first being the direct relationship between age of puberty and subsequent sex activity. Early adolescents maintain strikingly higher frequencies than do late adolescents, up to 35 years of age, and this is as true of married males as of single. Full explanation, psychological or physiological, must await further research, but the facts clearly make nonsense of the oft-repeated warning that early indulgence will weaken the sexual powers in later life; indeed, the exact opposite would appear to be true. The other unexpected findings are the wide and consistent differences between educational and occupational classes. Single males with only grade school education practise only half as much masturbation as do the college group, and tend to be more ashamed of it, while their frequency of intercourse is, in the lower-age levels, almost three times as high. Lower-level groups also tend to frown on nudity, petting, oral eroticism and unconventional postures in intercourse—all practices with high and growing frequencies among the upper-level population. These findings are in line with the significant class differences in child-rearing which have recently been recorded, and their social implications are far-reaching, particularly when upper-level individuals try to evaluate and control the sex behavior of lower-level groups, as in military, legal, clinical and educational settings. There is an acute and interesting discussion of some of the resulting problems (pp. 384-393).

The meticulous accuracy and objectivity of Kinsey's work remind us constantly that he is a biologist, but he also shows himself throughout the book to be a widely-read scholar, fully aware of the decisive role played by social and psychological factors in determining sexual behavior. His frequent references to the flat contradictions between actual sex practices and our mores and laws have encouraged some reviewers to predict drastic changes in the latter as a result of this book. Changes will undoubtedly occur, for the current sexual code is largely maintained by "pluralistic ignorance"—the belief that others conform though we do not. But the gap between ideology and practice will not be closed quickly, for facts such as these have to be accepted emotionally, as well as intellectually, and emotional resistance will be long and obstinate. First will come gradual changes in administrative and educational practice, and only much later will legal, moral and religious codes be modified. In the meantime, those who study this volume (for it requires study, not mere reading) will find, not only the facts, but also an attitude—objective, rigorously critical, but full of tolerant understanding—which can only be whole-heartedly commended and admired.

J. D. KETCHUM

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BOOKS REVIEWED

FAREWELL TO THE WEST

JOHN W. DAFOE: G. V. Ferguson; Ryerson; pp. 127; \$2.25.

This is a strange book. On the surface it is a collection of all the proper tributes which a young journalist who learnt his craft from the greatest newspaper editor of modern Canada ought to pay his departed chief. But as one reads on it becomes clear that Mr. Ferguson has his doubts about most of the particular concrete causes for which J. W. Dafoe fought so strenuously during the forty-three years of his editorship of the *Free Press*. Dafoe's stand on the Manitoba school question was wrong. His long campaign against Roblin and Rogers was just another case of strong Canadian partyism. His crusade for the Hudson Bay Railway was "the expensive grooming of a fat white elephant." His fight for lower railway rates for the whole prairie wasn't even intelligent defence of Winnipeg interests. His championship of the Progressive movement in the early 1920's was happily only a brief lapse which was redeemed by his later success in winning many of the Progressives back to the Liberal party. And as he goes on the reader gets a feeling that all this is a little too much like one of those reviews by the very superior and slightly condescending drama-critic who inserts his praise of the chief actor's performance into a summing-up that finds the play itself to be just Hollywood at its worst.

For the essence of this man Dafoe, it turns out, is that he was almost invariably opposed in Canadian politics to what was wanted at any given moment by the C.P.R. and the best people of Montreal (including its Churchmen). Dafoe devoted his life to two great causes, the emancipation of the West from its colonial dependence on Laurentian Canada, and the emancipation of Canada from its colonial dependence on Westminster. Mr. Ferguson, I take it, still believes in the second cause. But maybe Montreal is coming round to that conclusion also. As for the first cause, the editor of the *Montreal Star* has here very definitely said good-bye to Winnipeg.

Frank H. Underhill.

THE FRENCH CANADIANS TODAY: Wilfred Bovey; Penguin, pp. 159; 39c.

This little book, easily available, should be far more widely read. I wish to recommend it heartily. It is pleasantly written, informative throughout, amazingly comprehensive within its 150 pages, and done with love and understanding. In its opening pages, we are taken on an imaginative journey through rural and urban Quebec, "almost six times as large as Great Britain," across its mountains, rivers, and cities, meeting its farmers, miners, lumbermen, fishermen, inhabitants of a beautiful and wide land, and men filled with a deep love for it. Indeed, there is something almost magic about the true Quebec which few strangers have ever seen or understood.

A sound discussion of the economic problems of Quebec follows a suggestive survey of French-Canadian settlements all over Canada. The chapters on the political and social approach are useful in unmasking Anglo-Canadian hostile prejudices. The late Cardinal Villeneuve's speeches are often quoted: "Patriotism must extend to the whole country and should be accompanied by a feeling of loyalty for our sovereign King George VI." The place of the Catholic Church is defined. In purely civil questions, its policy is non-intervention. The individual priest, however, may use his democratic right, just as may a Protestant minister, of persuading others to vote for a certain political party. Quebec is basically liberal, it is asserted and documented, and thus

hostile to communism and fascism alike. There is incidentally a survey of French-Canadian socialism versus CCF socialism.

Of basic interest is the chapter on education. As to higher education, before the B.A., the French-Canadian university student goes to a classical college, where he is grounded in the humanities, in philosophy especially (the sciences are not neglected). He starts specializing only once he has learned how to think. No wonder that the average English Canadian university graduate is bewildered by the clarity of argument his French Canadian equal demands.

It is a pity that the writer ends the book on a *tour de force*. The real origins of democracy are Scandinavia, he says; from there they reached England (Magna Charta) and Normandy, and hence French Canada. Surely democracy has been abused there as here, upon occasion, even upon frequent occasion, whatever the historical background. He is also somewhat generous with regard to clericalism. The attitude of a French Canadian friend of mine is more convincing: "Clericalism is a serious problem, but why not leave it to French Canadians to solve?"

These defects detract little from a valuable book. What right do we have to criticize other countries for intolerance without making a greater effort at internal unity? This book will help us. It now remains for an informed French Canadian to write a similar book with equal understanding and goodwill about non-French Canada, which is far less narrowly Torontonion than his compatriots often suppose.

F. David Hoeniger

THE PREVALENCE OF WITCHES: Aubrey Menen: Oxford; (Chatto and Windus); pp. 271; \$2.50.

The story is a fantasy which takes place in the "Federated States of Limbo," a backward district in India. The chief Western characters, an Educational Officer and the Political Agent, are absorbed in the problem of investigating the murder of a witch by a village headman, with whom they are in sympathy. Satiric comment and comparison of Oriental and Western mores is thickly padded with a rich rollicking humor, and studded with witty anecdotes. The author's seriousness of purpose emerges almost as a by-product. Yet the effect of the whole is sharp, a set of flat pictures in jungle colors of black, white, red and brown. The climax of irony is reached when a fake Swami, brought in by a friend of the Western officers, performs a genuine miracle before vast crowds of natives. After that, the excitement dwindles off in a diminishing crescendo of episodes, including a delightful Thurberian fable about a tiger and a dog.

Alice Eedy.

FLOOD CREST: Hodding Carter; Clarke Irwin & Co.; pp. 278; \$2.75.

Ever since Noah, a flood has been good for a story. Add to flood-time on the Mississippi the Senator and Sudie, his seductive daughter, and you-all have a good tale told in muscular prose. The senator finds a scapegoat for his main election speech in the professor on sabbatical leave floating in the houseboat on the river—a Red, of course, flooding the country with radical ideas from the north, a force more dangerous than the river. Said the professor, "Some day I may write a book about the factors that breed communism. Degradation, physical and moral. Hopelessness. An extorting ruling class. Exploitation and racial contempt. Every time they call anyone who disagrees with them a Communist they make it easier for the real Reds." A convict and an army engineer help to save him from lynching and so his ideas may go marching on in the slow fashion ideas have had—ever since Noah's time.

Lois Darroch Milani.

A GIANT'S STRENGTH: Upton Sinclair; published by the author; pp. 52; \$1.50.

In his three-act play *A Giant's Strength* Upton Sinclair shows a middle-class American family in atomic war circumstances; the play asks us earnestly and passionately to understand, now, while there is time, the horrible significance of this new-war prospect. The vision we are given of the first attacks on America's major cities and the breakdown of urban society into units of lawless nomads is terrifying, and one would have to be very thickheaded—or very specially informed indeed—to be unmoved by it. But then, Shaw's apocalyptic *Heartbreak House* is terrifying too, and moreover a fine play and work of art (which Upton Sinclair's is not) yet the public will not go to it, so I don't suppose they will flock to Mr. Sinclair, or even be given the opportunity to do so. But the author has made it possible for them to read his play in an inexpensive edition. I hope they do.

Vincent Tovell.

THE ILL-TEMPERED LOVER: L. A. MacKay; Macmillan; pp. 72; \$2.00.

Satirists are few and far between; so are Mr. MacKay's good satirical poems. Nevertheless in his book there are a dozen or so poems well worth reading. "Non Nobis" is an excellent war poem, reminiscent of the style of Graves. "Battle Hymn of the Spanish Rebellion" successfully achieves the bitter cynicism needed for this type of satire. "1938 Dialogue of the Dead" and "Some Men There Are" are good examples of light bantering satire. In poems such as "Informal Elegy For a League of Nations" Professor MacKay misses the mark; his satire falls far short and leaves one quite dissatisfied with some ineffective and none too original verse.

Martin Shubik.

SHELLEY IN ITALY: an anthology edited by John Lehmann; Jonathan David; (John Lehmann Ltd.); pp. 294; \$2.50.

A new selection of Shelley seems superfluous, but the long introduction by Lehmann makes this worthwhile. It is still necessary to distinguish Shelley from the Romantics proper by stressing the profoundly classical character of the Mediterranean element in his work; and to relate this to the equally important scientific and rational element. Mr. Lehmann does this admirably—and his style is refreshing after an overdose of American criticism.

S.P.

THE MAN WHO MADE MUSIC: From Tyler; Oxford; pp. 216; \$2.00.

Anyone who is addicted to both music and mystery will find a tasty tidbit in *The Man Who Made Music*. An orchestra conductor on a holiday finds a renowned musician in a hidden Spanish Villa. Why he was hiding and why he became something of a satyr make good reading against a background of musical comments.

Lois Darrock Milani.

THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS: Hilda Mary Hooke; Oxford; pp. 223; \$2.50.

This is a book of Indian legends and a few of the white man's early tales of Canada. It is written in a style for children, not with the timeless simple lyricism certain writers have given to legends. Adults will find it pleasant only if they wish to step back for a moment to the days when peace between tribes could be obtained by daughters asking a boon of their father, and treaty days and tuberculosis were unknown.

Lois Darrock Milani

Also Received

A POLITICAL SCIENCE PRIMER: John R. Rood; Detroit Lawbook Company; pp. 258; \$4.00.

THUNDERBIRD: John Wardroper, editor; Student Publications Board of the University of British Columbia; pp. 28; 25c.

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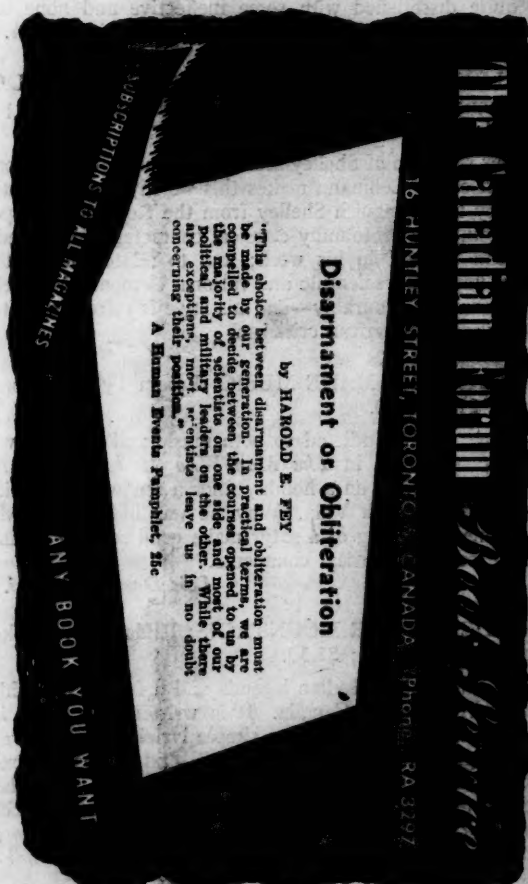
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